

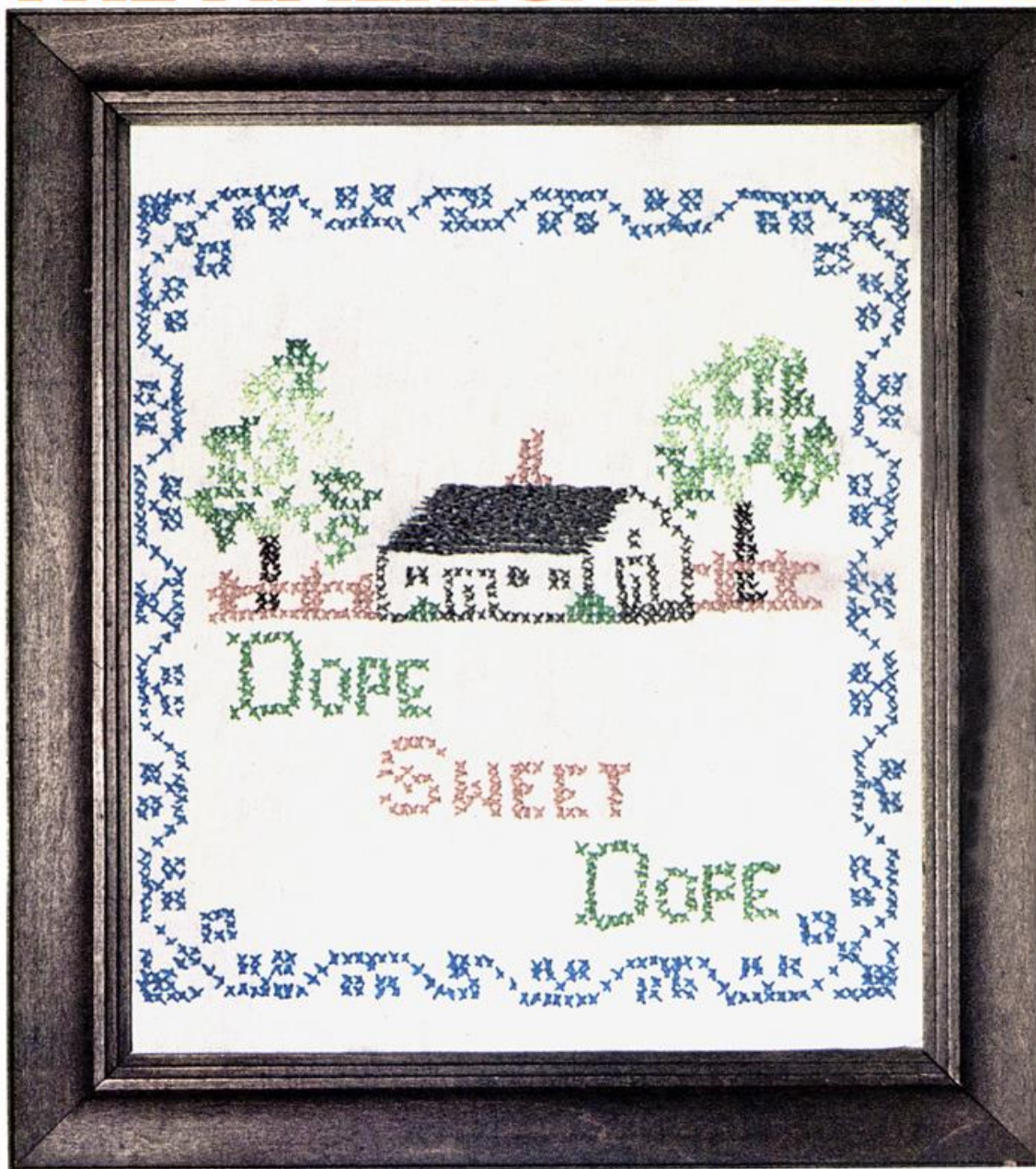
THE WHITE HOUSE PARAQUAT PAPERS

HIGH TIMES

APRIL 1984

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DRUGS AND THE AMERICAN FAMILY



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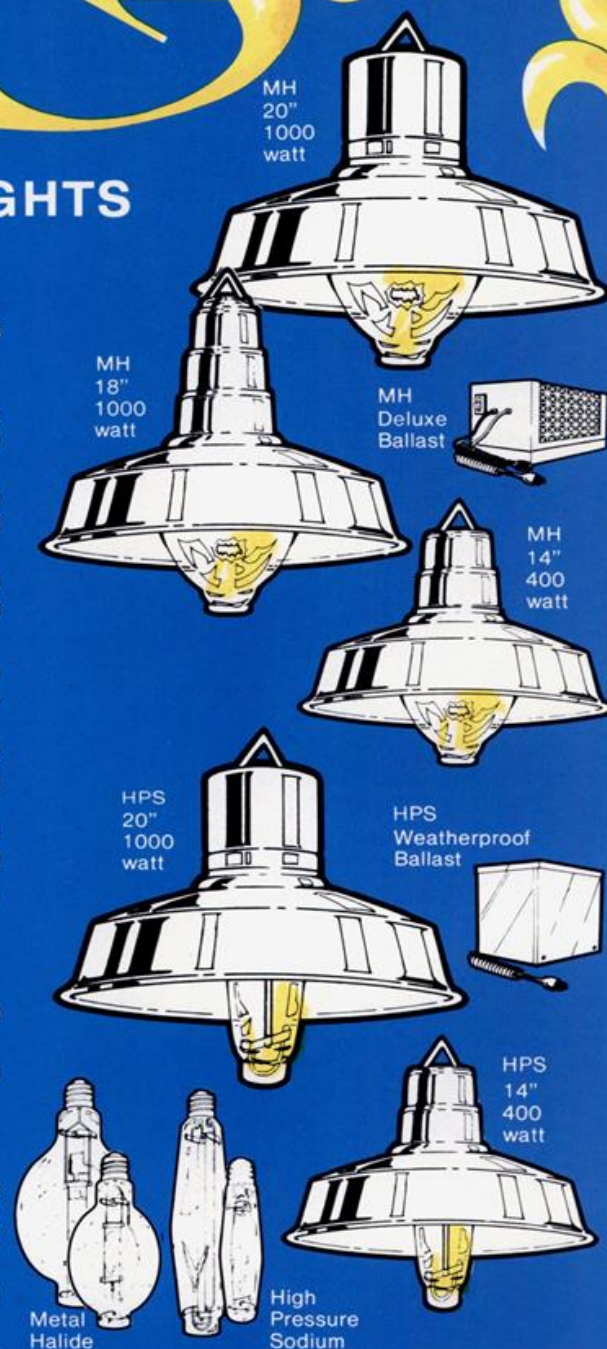
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HIGH TIMES

No. 104 April '84

FEATURES

Interview: Sandee Burbank *by Bob LaBrasca*

As the founder of MAMA (Mothers Against Misuse and Abuse) Sandee Burbank is fighting for a sane approach toward the problems of substance abuse by all age groups. While reefer-madness-variety parent organizations have focused almost exclusively on the demon weed and the threat it poses for today's youth, MAMA has consistently stressed the endemic nature of drug abuse in our society, calling for a total rethinking of this complex issue

32

Rise and Fall of an American Guitar Hero *by Ed Ward*

It could be said, without overstatement, that during the mid-'60s Michael Bloomfield reinvented rock 'n' roll guitar. Rooted in the Chicago blues, Bloomfield developed a sound and style of playing that was to influence a whole generation of guitarists. He was a born musical genius, not a rock 'n' roll superstar, and his playing, his life and his death reflect that fact

44

Centerfold: Hooray for Hollyweed

49

James Lee and the Elixir of Life *Edited by Michael Aldrich*

James Lee was a 19th-century engineer who spent the better part of his life moving among "the underworlds, drug haunts and jungles of India, China and the Malay Archipelago." In 1906, while living in Sumatra, a group of natives brought him a plant whose effects even he with all his experience found utterly astounding

56

Ask Ed *by Ed Rosenthal*

This month Ed takes questions pertaining to the best way in which to supply your indoor garden with light. What exactly is the difference between fluorescents, halides, high-pressure and low-pressure sodium lamps, and which one is right for your particular setup? Also, what about ultraviolet light and its effects on THC production? Who can answer these questions? Ed can

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

Fed Dope Bureau Censors Drug Info . . . Survey Establishes Marijuana Smoking as Housewife's Vice . . . Narcs Indict City Attorney, Ex-lobbyist . . . The Rise and Fall of Sheriff Wright . . . DEA Scoops up 1,600 Pounds of Coke . . . Docs Trace Dangers of New Supersmack . . . Toot Addicts Profiled for Pops . . .

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40 Confessions of a Bruce Lee Fanatic *by Stuart Goldman*

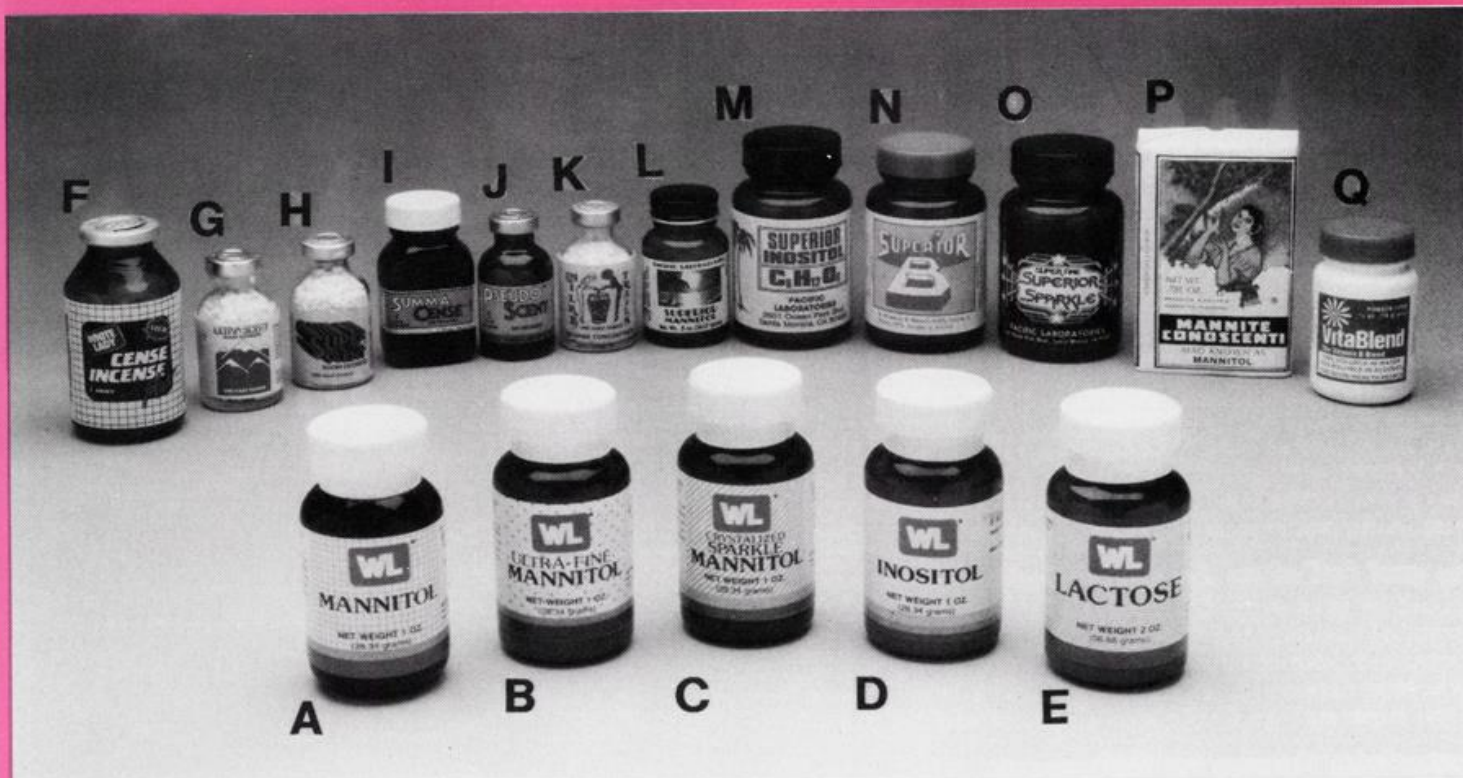
Ten years after his death the man with the fists of fury still has a stranglehold on the chopped-gooey circuit. Audiences hungry for a bit of the old Oriental ultra-violence continue to line up for the latest batch of pseudo-Bruce Lee films, films such as *I Love You, Bruce Lee* and *Bruce Lee Fights Back from the Grave*. Why? Here's one fanatic's answer.



61 HIGH TIMES' Sprig of the Month

She's young and sexy, literally oozing with that special brand of HIGH TIMES savoir faire. And to think just last year she was stuck in the mud 75 miles northwest of Sacramento. Now she's all yours in this exclusive HIGH TIMES pictorial.

64 The Paraquat Papers Back in August of '83 the Reagan White House, working in concert with the Drug Enforcement Agency, conspired to aerial spray a small pot patch in a Georgia national forest. Public reaction, much to their chagrin, was not a grateful "thank you," but a shitstorm of righteous indignation that blew hard and smelly against some of the administration's most prominent faces. Here is a select group of letters that passed between two Georgia congressmen and Special Assistant to the President for Drug Abuse Policy, Carlton E. Turner, highlighting the bungling and deceit that marked the whole operation.



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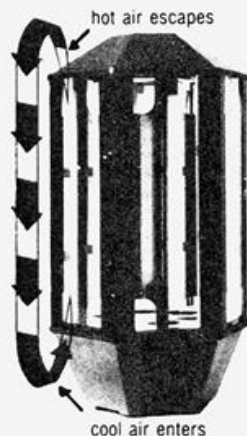
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Temp	90°	70°

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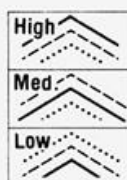
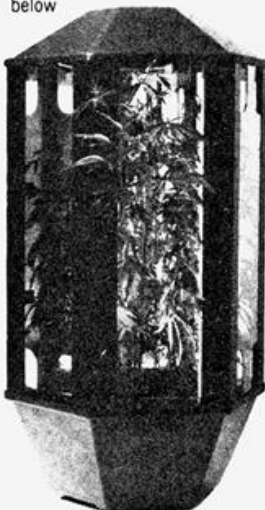
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THC ————
CBD - - - - -
CBN

CANNABINOID PROFILE OF MARIJUANA*

THC is the psychoactive ingredient of marijuana. CBD and CBN determine how THC is metabolized. HIGH THC — psychoactivity is active, intense, LOW CBD — shorter. LOW THC — psychoactivity is less intense, HIGH CBD — longer lasting. HIGH CBN — The older the plant, the more "dopey" the effect.

THC increases with high Phosphorus medium Nitrogen
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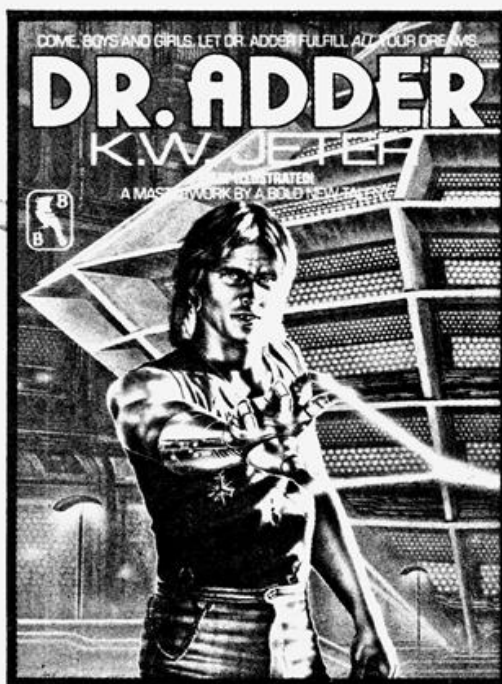


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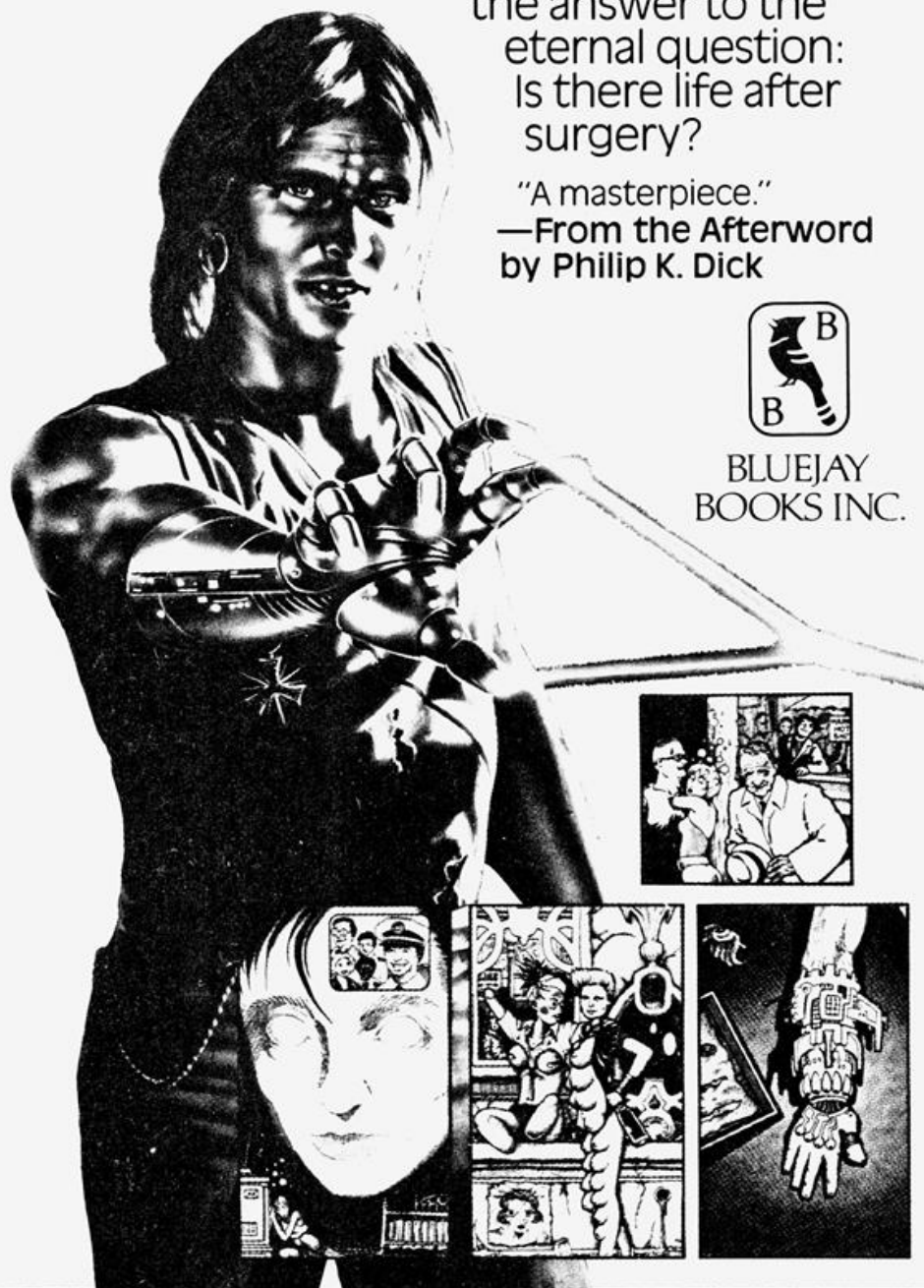
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Happy Easter

Editor:

After spending the last three weeks hopping all over the world hiding eggs and doing this and that, I'd heard that the Easter bunny's tail was positively draggin', so I invited him over to my

place for some well-deserved R&R. Here we are sharing a joke together along with some cold brews and tasty buds. Actually, he's a pretty hip dude.
—Name and address withheld



New York's Finest

Editor:

New Yorkers know that what distinguishes their city from the rest of the world is availability. We can send flowers at 4 A.M., have pizza delivered at 6 A.M. and enjoy escorts anytime, in any way. Yet perhaps New York's most astonishing delivery system has now passed into legend. Mickey Cesar's farewell brings to end an underground foundation, the Church of the Realized Fantasy, unsurpassed in chutzpah.

777-CASH. The number will always be etched on our minds. In time Mickey might even have went Master Charge. One dialed the magic number and inquired: "What's the menu?" "Sinse, Hawaiian, Thai." Good quality at reasonable prices; usually twenty-five dollars an eighth, delivery included. In a pinch what could be better? Like your first lay, waiting for the sinsemilla messenger was an adventure, a thrill, a joy-jumping shout at the sheer insanity of the entire operation. The flyers advertising a mammoth fundraising party topped all. I skipped the party. Unfortunately, my sense of

adventure had a limit. The Pope of Pot, Lord of the Lower East Side, is now in jail. Mickey's totally outrageous, completely uninhibited enterprise will be a permanent part of underground lore. The church, like all realized fantasies, will be sorely missed.

—David Kennedy
Address withheld

Concerned Teenager

Editor:

I'm fifteen, and as a concerned teenager I would like to know if pot can in any way interfere with the growth and development of teenagers, if it were to be used moderately (once a week). I know about the respiratory problems it can cause.

A while back I saw on PBS a show, "The Chemical People," on which it was stated that marijuana was 1.5 times as carcinogenic as tobacco. Is that true?

I really don't trust these shows, which subtly, and sometimes not so subtly, spew out a lot of antidrug

propaganda. The general ploy now seems to be that "not enough is known about the effects of marijuana" to legalize it. It seems as if they're searching for effects that aren't really there.

Anyway, thanks for taking some time to listen to me. I would really appreciate a reply to my questions.

—Name withheld
Delray Beach, Fla.

If you'll look at a copy of *Marijuana and Health*, the authoritative 1983 roundup of pot research from the National Academy of Sciences in Washington, you'll find that they come to no conclusions on the issue of pot and human growth. Nobody has any idea yet how pot's active principle, THC, works in the body, but many researchers speculate that it imitates the action of a natural growth hormone, produced by the body from time to time during childhood and—possibly—adolescence. These researchers suspect, therefore, that when people who are still growing smoke marijuana—maybe even just occasionally—it may disrupt their process of normal development. Since all drugs, in fact, work in the body by imitating the action of natural hormones, growing young people would be best advised to avoid taking any unnecessary drugs at all—from pot to alcohol to aspirin—unless their physicians tell them they need specific drugs to stay healthy.

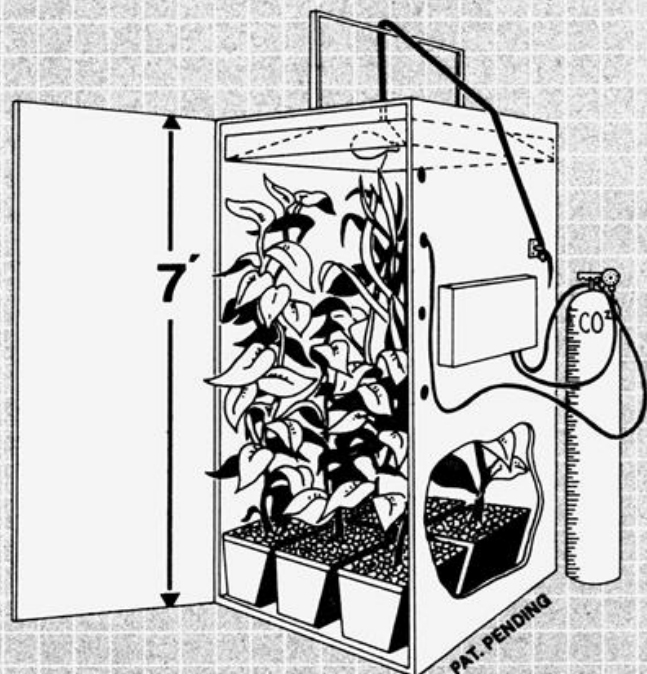
Still and all, the worst thing pot can do for a 15-year-old is get him in trouble with the sort of adults who put out shows like "The Chemical People." Since these people are hell-bent to impose marijuana urinalysis tests on schoolkids everywhere, smoking pot even once a week can nowadays interfere with teenage psychological development; those tests will pick up "positive" on people who smoke just once a week, and then you're in for the hassle of your life.

The Chemical People are correct that pot is 1.5 times as potentially carcinogenic as tobacco. To illustrate what that means, we'd like to set you up a little math exercise.

Huey, a total burnout, is a compulsive pot smoker who does up three 500-milligram joints every day. Louie, an ordinary cigarette smoker, smokes 20 one-gram (1,000-milligram) tobacco cigarettes every day. Calculating that marijuana

/ continued on page 9

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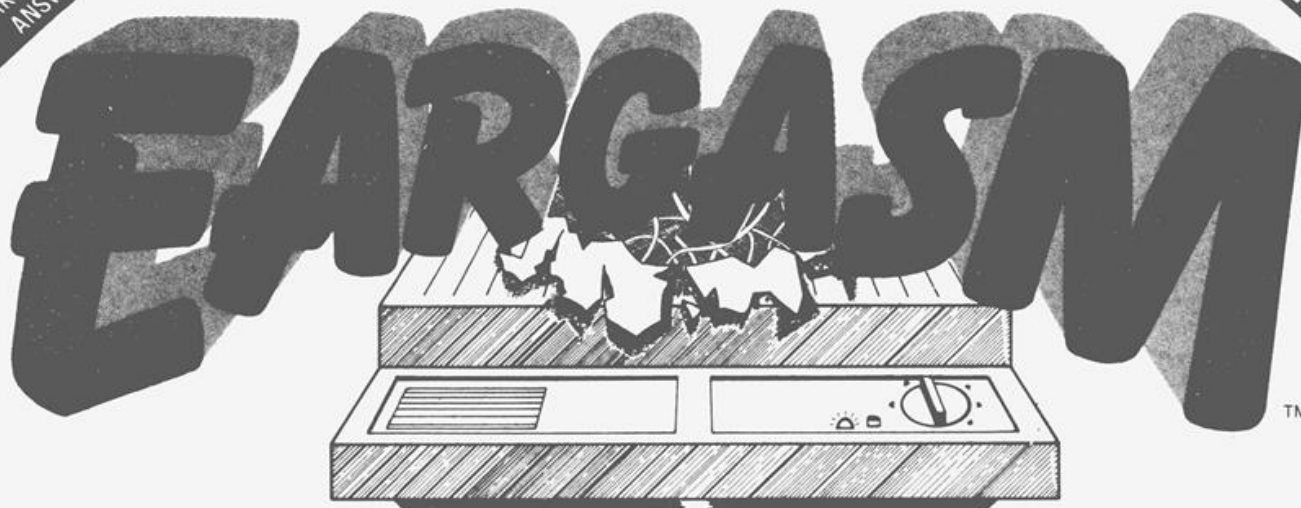
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LETTERS

/ continued from page 7

is 1.5 times as carcinogenic as tobacco, how does Huey's intake of potential carcinogens compare with Louie's intake?

You're a smart kid. You can work that one out on your pocket computer, right? —Ed.

Make It Jamaica?

Editor:

The following report was compiled from British and Jamaican press accounts for inclusion in the forthcoming PEN Club newsletter. We, the authors, hope you will agree that this is a case of literary censorship and political violence which should not escape your readers' attention.

—Steven Taylor for Allen Ginsberg, Bob Rosenthal, Simon Pettet, Steven Taylor New York, N.Y.

Michael Smith, internationally known Jamaican poet, was pronounced dead on arrival at Kingston's Public Hospital on Wednesday, the 17th of August 1983. Smith, aged 29, was buried in Kingston on Friday, the 19th. The Jamaican Council for Human Rights said in a statement issued the same day, that the poet, who was noted for incisive comments on inequality and injustice, was "battered to death in response to his exercise of his right to freedom of expression." According to the report of the Police Information Center, Smith had been walking along the Stony Hill main road in St. Andrew at 11 A.M. when he was approached by two men. He was struck on the head with stones and died before reaching the hospital. Linton Kwesi Johnson, poet and coproducer of Smith's debut album for Island Records, said, "Michael, it seems, is one of the first victims of the next election campaign. It is an indication that Jamaica has descended into the depths of barbarism and that it seems to be destroying all its great genius."

The sequence of events that led up to the murder started on the evening of the 16th when Smith verbally confronted Mavis Gilmore, minister of education in Edward Seaga's Jamaican Labour party government, at a political meeting in the district of Stony Hill, St. Andrew. On the following morning Smith was walking past the JLP Stony

/ continued on page 12

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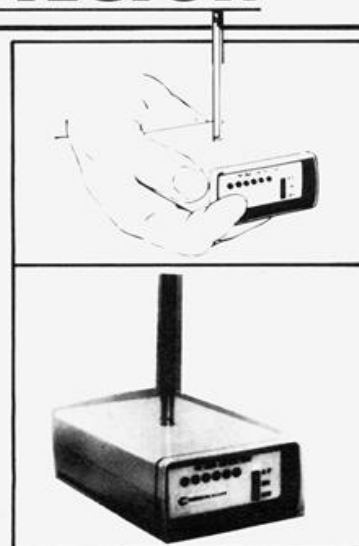
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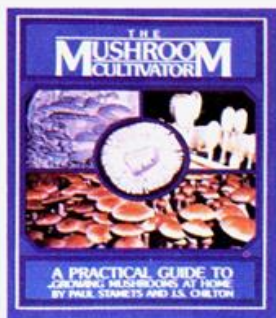
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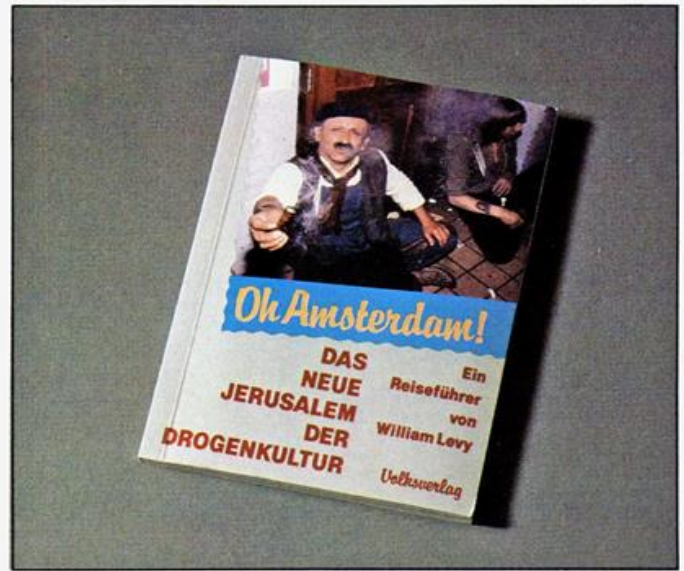
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Way to Go!

The December issue of *American Pharmacy*, in an article reviewing the "most useful publications on substance abuse," noted that "although it can be somewhat shocking to the uninitiated, the controversial periodical *HIGH TIMES* is nonetheless extremely informative..." and is "strongly recommended for pharmacists who need to keep up to date with hard-core street-drug issues." Gosh, thanks. Now tell us where you've stashed the last of the Lemmon 'ludes.

Amsterdam Über Alles

Back in October of '82 we printed our European Affairs Editor, Bill Levy's "O Amsterdam!," a sort of *Michelin's Guide* to the hash clubs and pot shops of that enlightened city. Response to the piece was so enthusiastic that Bill decided to print an addition in German (expanded into book form with additional material) so that *Deutschsprachige* tourists will be able to cop more than Heineken when visiting Holland. If you'd like a copy, send eight marks (or three dollars) to Volksverlag, 8531 Linden, West Germany.



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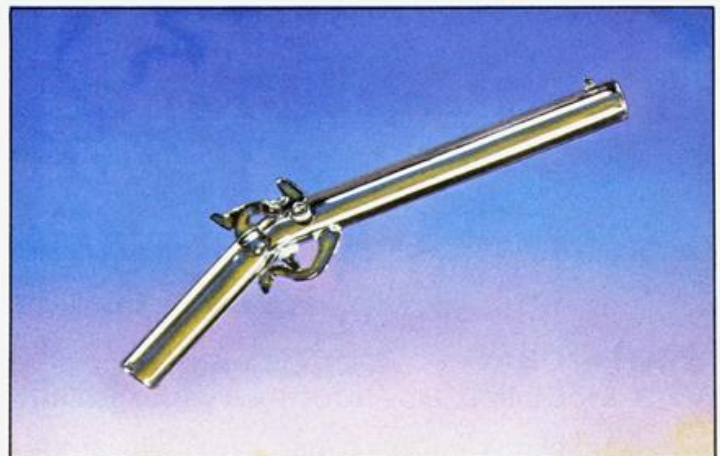


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LETTERS

/ continued from page 9

Hill constituency headquarters when he was confronted by four men who asked him what he was doing in that part of town. Reliable sources report that the attack began after Smith replied, "I man free to walk anywhere in this land." He was then chased past St. Jude's Church and into Fort George Road where the men robbed him and bludgeoned him with stones from the nearby cemetery. A woman who attempted to stop the attack was herself hit by a stone and was offered \$100 not to say anything of what she had seen. According to one report she went to the police after learning that Smith had died. The attack ceased with the approach of two motorists, one of whom was Herb Rose, the local People's National Party candidate. The attackers fled over the cemetery wall and entered the JLP constituency headquarters. A motorist took Smith to the Stony Hill Clinic where he was unable to receive treatment. He was then taken to Kingston Public Hospital where he was pronounced dead on arrival. Witnesses have said that they can identify the men involved, but there are fears of reprisal since Herb Rose has received threats on his life.

The Jamaican government has issued a statement, quoting police information, referring to two rather than four assailants. Early reports indicated that one man, Albert "Crackers" Grey, had been detained by police, but according to late accounts no arrests have been made. The men are said to be members of a Tivoli-based gang reputed to have political connections. It has been suggested that the murderers are being hidden in Boon Hall in Stony Hill, the constituency of JLP prime minister Seaga, and in Tivoli Garden, Western Kingston. A detective told journalist John Maxwell, who Smith was on his way to visit on the morning of the attack, that "the men have been eluding the police."

The facts and circumstances of Michael Smith's death have been poorly reported in the Jamaican press. On the 24th of August a demonstration was held outside the Jamaican High Commission's London office to protest the inadequate efforts of the Jamaican government, police and press in pursuing the matter. In a eulogy delivered at St. Jude's Church, not far from the scene of the attack, Reverend Freddie Hickling asked, "What

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kind of society are we that we stone our poets to death?" A petition signed by prominent artists and musicians was read, calling for justice and a thorough police investigation. Placards declared MURDER IN STONY HILL, RESIDENTS SILENT. Memorial concerts featuring members of the Jamaican artistic community have been organized in Kingston and London.

Michael Smith did not support or owe allegiance to any of Jamaica's three political parties, but he appears to have been a victim of the kind of violence which marred the 1980 national elections in Jamaica, during which nearly 1,000 people were killed.

On August 26, 1983, the PEN Club issued the following statement:

The American Center of International PEN, representing 1,800 prominent writers, is dismayed to learn of the death of Michael Smith, internationally recognized poet and singer. Mr. Smith, a guest in Paris last December of UNESCO's international poetry reading, was stoned to death Wednesday, August 17, on a street in Kingston after publicly challenging cabinet minister Mavis Gilmore. According to writers in London this murder was committed by half a dozen anonymous men believed to be associated with the government. PEN requests a full investigation of the murder and a public celebration commemorating the slain poet and calls for an end to literary and political repression in Jamaica.

—Kenneth Burke, Robert Creeley, Allen Ginsberg, Mitchell Goodman, Hugh Kenner, Galway Kinnell, Paul Mariani, M.L. Rosenthal, Diane Wakowski.

The following resolution was submitted by the American Center at the 46th International PEN Congress in Caracas, Venezuela:

Distressed by the unaccountable death of the internationally recognized poet and singer Michael Smith, brutally murdered in Kingston, International PEN urgently requests that the government of Jamaica conduct a full investigation of the killing so that such slayings might be prevented in the future.

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Legal Grass

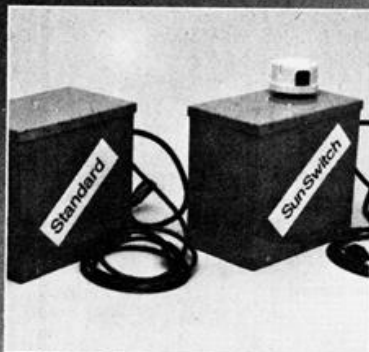
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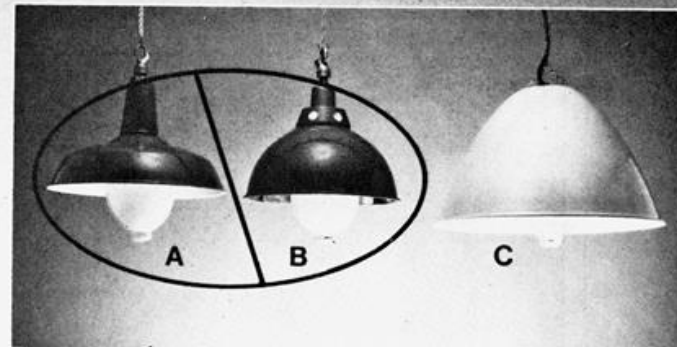
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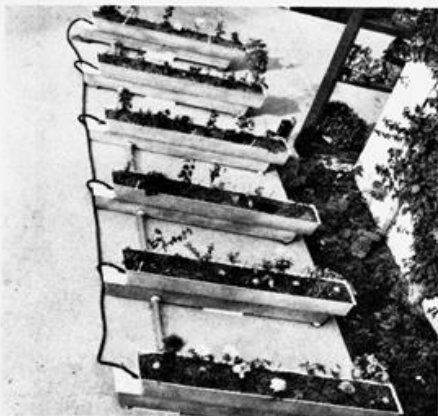


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Filing Status (Check one)	1 Single head in household			5 Number of users in household	
	2 Multiple heads in loose combination				
	3 Totally together single non-head				
	4 Qualifying non-head with dependant users				
Gross Income	6 Income (Note: Attach Schedule A if you dealt with foreign connections. You may qualify for a special tax credit under the U.S. Favored Nations Act.)				
	a. Revenue from the sale of Cannabis.....				
	b. Dividends (Value of product consumed for personal use. See tables for Street Value Multiplier).....				
	c. Federal agricultural price support subsidy payments received during tax year.....				
Adjust- ments to Income	7 Sales to certified Federal Drug Users (See official governmental listings).....				
	8 Personal use allowance (Number of users listed on line 5 multiplied by \$500).....				
	9 Tax credits and special deductions from line 23, Sch. A.....				
	10 Total adjustments to income. Add lines 7-9.....				
Adjusted Gross Income	11 Adjusted gross income. Subtract line 10 from line 6d. If this line is less than \$500, do not file form.....				
Business Expenses	12 Cost of doing business (Note: Miscellaneous paraphernalia purchased to aid in the consumption or enjoyment of product for personal use is not a deductible expense).				
	a. Agronomy expense (Attach Schedule B).....				
	b. Fines and confiscations.....				
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	d. Front money costs (Include losses from bum deals).....				
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	i. Intangibles--psychoses, premature aging, guilt, social ostracism, etc. (See chart for dollar equivalency).....				
	j. Other (Attach Schedule C).....				
	k. Total cost of doing business. Add lines 12a-12j, do not include any cost to society.....				
Tax Computa- tion	13 Net taxable income. Subtract line 12 k from line 11.....				
	14 Tax. Enter here and check if from Tax Table.....				
Other Taxes	15 Juvenile Brain Cell Recovery Tax. Did 50% or more of your business involve direct sales to minors under 15 years of age?...YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO <input type="checkbox"/> If "YES", complete and attach Schedule D, and enter amount from Schedule D, line 24.				
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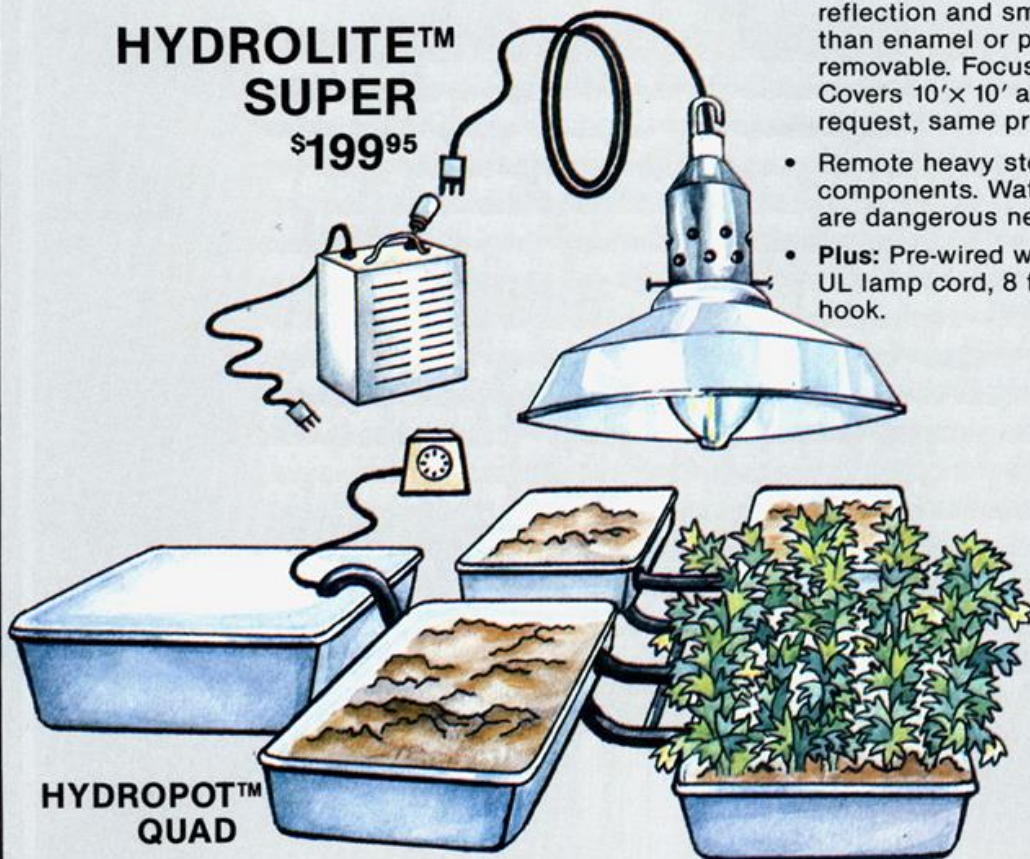
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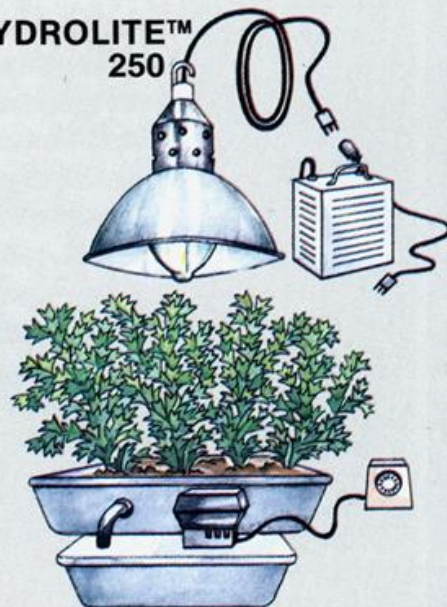
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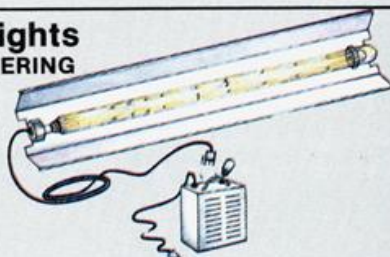


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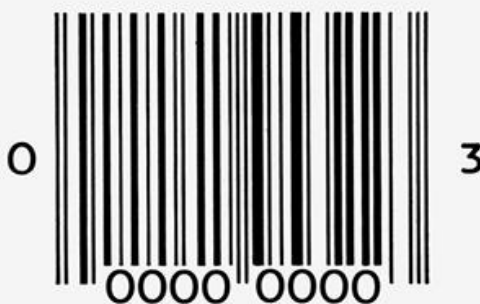
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FED DOPE BUREAU CENSORS DRUG INFO

NIDA DIRECTOR PURGES OBJECTIVE MATERIALS AS 'OUTDATED'

W A S H I N G T O N, D. C.

“CAN DRUG ABUSE BE PREVENTED IN the Black Community?” “Drug Abuse Prevention for Older Americans.” “Why Evaluate Drug Education?” “Neonatal Narcotic Dependence.” “Diagnosis and Treatment of Adverse Reactions to Sedative-Hypnotics.”

These are just a few of the resolutely uninteresting government documents which Dr. William Pollin, administrator of the National Institute on Drug Abuse, managed to render instantly fascinating last autumn—by the simple expedient of banning them forever from circulation, and urging that they be “purged” so thoroughly from libraries that no one henceforward would know they had ever existed.

“I strongly suggest that you purge your collections of these old materials,” Dr. Pollin admonished librarians all over the country last year, in a circular letter that went out from NIDA headquarters in Rockville, Maryland. “These old materials” comprised 62 titles published by NIDA over just the last 12 years; half of them were, in fact, published within the last five years. All were officially classed as “Outdated or Scientifically Inaccurate,” and librarians were openly summoned to expunge them from their card catalogs.

While most of the banned titles were admittedly of dubious worth to anyone except devoted drug-abuse historians, a dozen of them—numbered inconspicuously in the very midst of this boring *index prohibitorum*—were quite special indeed. These were the dozen titles compiled for NIDA in the early '70s by STASH, the Student Association for the Study of Hallucinogens, in Wisconsin. Leif Zerkin of STASH, who is currently the editor of the ultra-academic *Journal of Psychotropic Drugs*, oversaw the compiling of these booklets for NIDA between 1972 and 1974. Many of them deal with hallucinogenic drugs such as psilocybin, MDA,



NIDA director Dr. William Pollin

DOM/STP, PCP and so on. “You can’t very well call them outdated,” Zerkin tells *HIGH TIMES*. “The government hasn’t allowed any research with any of these drugs since the 1960s, so the information can’t possibly be out of date.”

In fact, the purge of STASH literature from the NIDA archives—its permanent erasure from the government record—is plain censorship. The STASH booklets merely describe the effects of the drugs under review, and the medical consequences of their misuse, in a scientific, nonjudgmental fashion. This material is cur-

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SURVEY ESTABLISHES MARIJUANA SMOKING AS HOUSEWIFE'S VICE

N E W Y O R K C I T Y

THE VERY JOURNALISTIC SOUL OF BOURGEOIS AMERICAN WOMANHOOD, *Ladies' Home Journal*, reported in its hundredth-anniversary edition that one out of four of the readers responding to a published questionnaire smoked pot or had smoked it in the past—a statistic the architects of the new reefer madness ought to meditate upon. The survey also indicated that 9 percent of the respondents had done coke, 4 percent had tripped on LSD, 1 percent had ingested heroin and 5 percent had dabbled in other street drugs. The editors calculated that, in all, 12 percent of their readers had used some kind of illegal drug other than pot.

Interesting, eh? These 86,000 women, who actually filled in the blanks, tore the page out of the magazine and paid for the postage themselves, were not the libertine perusers of *Cosmopolitan* or the liberated "feminists" who read *Ms.*, but the devoted followers of perhaps the most self-consciously middle-of-the-road women's publication in America. And 25 percent of them have smoked pot! The people who respond to a published questionnaire are generally thought to be a magazine's most dedicated readers, not the ones who pick it up once a year from the newsstand. These women are proud of their association with *Ladies' Home Journal*; they keep it on the coffee table. They're part of the club. And 1 out of 10 of them has snorted coke!

"On the whole," wrote the authors of the report, "the *Ladies' Home Journal* woman can be studied as a reliable indicator of how mainstream American women are behaving and feeling as the 1980s move toward their midpoint."

On the average, the survey found, their responding reader is 38 years old, has been married for 15 years and works for a living. Sixty percent of those surveyed had children under 18, and drugs were very seldom a battleground for them and their children. The survey report noted, "Seventy-one percent of the mothers say that

Anyone for tea? One out of four of the sedate "ladies" who read this magazine admit having smoked pot.

what they argue about most often with their children is house rules and chores, while all the other possibilities—including the use of drugs and alcohol—drew under six percent." Alcohol, of course, was the drug of choice for most of the magazine's readers: 78 percent of them said they were at least social drinkers.

The revelation that a quarter of *Ladies' Home Journal*'s readers admit to smoking pot may not make the herb as American as apple pie; but it certainly suggests that it has become an extremely conventional middle-class vice.

NARCS INDICT CITY ATTORNEY, EX-LOBBYIST

W A S H I N G T O N , D . C .

FIFTEEN VERY PROMINENT people, including a veteran Capitol Hill lobbyist and the city attorney of East Orange, New Jersey, have been indicted by a federal grand jury here in connection with a major nationwide coke-smuggling ring. The arrests are the first fruits of the new multiagency drug-busting task force, headquartered in Maryland, which was set up by the Justice Department last year to cover the midsection of the eastern seaboard.

The central figure in the

racket, according to the feds, is Texas wheeler-dealer Fred Black, who brokered plenty of tax-funded projects among private companies during Lyndon Johnson's "Great Society" in the 1960s. It was Black, they charge, who introduced several richly upholstered investors around the country to a gang of Cubanos in Miami who regularly smuggled in cocaine from South America. Black also helped expedite the trafficking of the cocaine by the investors—in Washington, Texas, New

Jersey and California—by washing the money for it through two dummy corporations and the Riggs National Bank, the biggest bank in the Washington area.

Although depositors of sums larger than \$10,000 are ordinarily required to fill out special bank forms to be registered with the feds, Fred Black's cronies were relieved of this obligation at the Riggs bank, the feds say. A vice-president at Riggs, William Hessler, happened to be a brother-in-law of one of Black's

cronies in Bethesda, Maryland: Hessler accepted a \$40,000 bribe from Black, it's charged, and after that the coffers at Riggs were wide open for the ring's filthy money.

The East Orange city attorney charged with coke-moving is John C. Tarantino, 37. City attorneys are invested with high civic authority, of course. Once they become criminals, though, they have to allow much worse things than mere coke-moving, just to keep their fellow criminals from exposing them.

THE RISE AND FALL OF SHERIFF WRIGHT

A TRAGEDY OF 'CORRUPTION' AND DEATH IN WEST GEORGIA

B U T L E R, G E O R G I A

CHARLIE WRIGHT WAS SHERIFF OF TAYLOR County, Georgia, for 34 years—almost nine full terms. He became a virtual institution, so popular that he was never seriously threatened in any of his campaigns for reelection. The locals say he knew almost every one of the 8,000 residents of the county, black or white—could call them by name.

But Charlie's gone on to meet his maker now, his body smashed in a squad-car wreck along Georgia 137. Most people think it was suicide. They figure that Charlie, at 61, just couldn't handle being branded some kind of dope pusher by the FBI and the GBI (Georgia Bureau of Investigation). His only crime, they say, was to try to help an old friend keep his farm.

The story starts about 40 years back, when Charlie and Al Taunton first started hanging out together around Butler. World War II separated them: Charlie went off to fight and came back a hero. When he first ran for sheriff in 1949, he was able to beat the incumbent because he was a vet and the incumbent wasn't. Al moved out of Taylor County, all the way to Memphis, Tennessee, to make his fortune as a businessman. They didn't see each other for quite a while.

'Long about 1976, though, Al got the urge to move back home. Memphis had treated him fairly well, and he had a little nest egg with which he bought a farm not far from Butler. It seemed just about perfect: to be able to grow old as a gentleman farmer in the land of his family. But the times weren't kind. The late '70s brought drought to western Georgia, and Al barely weathered a few bad harvests; it looked as if he was going to lose the farm. So he started growing marijuana to help meet the payments.

At about that same time, the FBI and GBI conspired to place a drug informant in Taylor County: a 32-year-old game warden named Gary Fuller. It's not clear exactly why Fuller focused his investigation on Al Taunton and Charlie Wright and local businessman Eligah Watson, but some hints came out later when Watson, the only one of the three who would ever face a jury, finally went to trial in June of last year. Watson's de-



Sheriff Charlie Wright: in a better day, one of the best-loved men in Taylor County.

fense lawyer painted Fuller as a vengeful man, angry over the reluctance of Watson and Wright to support him in his campaign against fish and game violators. There might be some truth to that, but Fuller swore his suspicions were aroused only when Watson asked him to steer clear of his farm property on his annual overflights to check for "baited fields." (In the dove-hunting season, farmers sometimes lay out food illegally to attract game birds.)

But for whatever reason, Fuller began cozying up to Watson and Taunton and Wright,

"I don't want to hurt anybody, especially the innocent."

and conspired with them to grow a marijuana crop. Over the next growing season, he met with one or more of them several times, wearing his FBI/GBI wire. The tapes from those conversations would form the basis for the federal indictments that would follow several months down the line.

Taunton was busted before that, though. In the fall of '82 he was caught red-handed with 34 pounds of pot. Things might have

gone a lot easier for him then, if he'd been willing to turn against Charlie, but 40 years is a long time and he absolutely refused to say an incriminating word about the sheriff's guilty knowledge of pot-growing in Taylor County. Al finally accepted a plea bargain, after months of pressure to become a witness against Charlie Wright and others, and was sentenced in March '82 to three years in the federal pen.

Less than a week after his sentencing, and a week before he was scheduled to begin serving his time, the feds issued additional conspiracy indictments against him, Charlie and Eligah Watson, charging them with conspiracy to possess and distribute half a ton of marijuana. Taunton and Watson were growing big fields of pot, the government said, and Sheriff Wright knew all about it: he was even supposed to get part of the profits. And they had the tapes to prove it.

The sheriff didn't take the indictment or the attendant publicity very well, but he remained in office—after posting bail—and even granted an interview to David Beasley of the *Macon Telegraph and News*. He denied his guilt, but not very loudly. "I know I haven't done anything wrong," he told Beasley, perhaps a little evasively. "And I don't think I've been soft on crime. I've tried not to be. I have compassion for my fellow man. I don't want to hurt anybody, especially the innocent."

He certainly had compassion for Al Taunton. Charlie explained to the reporter that he'd tried his own hand at farming—for five years—and failed.

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Highwitness News always needs new leads on stories from around the country. Send news clippings on busts, scandals and events of interest to: News Department, HIGH TIMES, 17 W. 60 St., New York, NY 10023.

DEA SCOOPS UP 1600 POUNDS OF COKE

THREE COLOMBIANS NABBED IN THIRD-LARGEST SEIZURE

NEW YORK CITY

AGENTS OF THE Drug Enforcement Administration recorded the third-largest-ever seizure of cocaine on December 15 when they nabbed three Colombians on a freeway in Queens. In a gala press conference held the next day at the DEA office on 57th Street in Manhattan, agents said they had trailed the suspects from Queens to Ronkonkoma, Long Island, where two of them got into a van in a restaurant parking lot. The two then headed back to Queens in the van with the third Colombian following in a car. The feds stopped the two vehicles when they had to slow for traffic as they reentered the city.

Inside the van they found 18 duffel bags, seven burlap sacks and five cardboard boxes packed with lab-grade Colombian coke—1,600 pounds total—all of which they displayed later at the press conference for the titillation of the media. The DEA spokesmen did not tell the press how they happened to know the delivery was about to be made or how they had infiltrated the organiza-



Robert Dearie, U.S. attorney for the Eastern District of New York, shares the limelight with duffels and duffels of Andean marching powder.

tion that was doing the trafficking. More arrests, they promised, were "inevitable."

Perhaps the strangest element in the bust-announcement ceremony was that the presiding agents estimated the value of the blow at only \$160 million. Nor-

mally, the DEA calculates a "street value" for drug busts: in the case of cocaine that usually means multiplying the total gram weight of the stuff seized by four—to account for the number of times they think it would ultimately be stepped on—and

multiplying that by \$100 for each gram. By that system, this Queens coke would be worth in the neighborhood of \$3 billion. This time, though, the DEA estimators just conservatively assigned it a wholesale value of \$100,000 a pound.

DOCS TRACE DANGERS OF NEW SUPERSMACK

by Mark Swain

S A N F R A N C I S C O , C A L I F O R N I A

BATHTUB FENTANYL, THE SYNTHETIC OPIATE which declared its presence on the streets in 1980 with a mini-epidemic of overdoses throughout the California hard-drug scene, has become a permanent fixture there, according to health-service and law-enforcement authorities. Initially mislabeled "China White" by some media commentators, bathtub fentanyl is now peddled simply as "fentanyl" on the streets, where it's achieved a guarded acceptance by heroin addicts. According to a report by researchers for the Criminal Justice Health Services, published in the December 1983 issue of *The Journal of Psychotropic Drugs*, addicts are currently coming to rely on bathtub fentanyl to tide them through periods when real heroin is in short supply.

So far, since 1980, two distinct "analogs" of fentanyl have turned up on the street, Dr. Gary Henderson of San Francisco State College has determined. The first variety, ped-

There are an estimated 4,000 possible analogs of fentanyl.

dled in 1980 and '81, was "alphamethyl fentanyl," and it was promptly made a Schedule I controlled substance by the Drug Enforcement Administration. Alphamethyl has since

been supplanted by *paraflouro* fentanyl, though, so the DEA's currently working on banning that analog too.

There are an estimated 4,000 possible analogs of fentanyl, each with slightly different opiate effects, which can be produced by small changes in bathtub procedures. In their *Journal of Psychotropic Drugs* report, researchers Martin LaBarbera and Toni Wolfe note that the DEA may have to initiate new controlling procedures for every new batch of bathtub fentanyl that appears on the street. This might seem to put the drug agency in a permanent situation of playing catch-up ball; but since the DEA hasn't managed to bust any fentanyl producers in the last four years, new fentanyl legis-

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TOOT ADDICTS PROFILED FOR POLS

A L B A N Y, N E W Y O R K

THE AVERAGE PERSON WHO gets in trouble with cocaine is currently a college-educated male in his early 30s, making about \$25,000 per year, who spends anywhere between \$100 and \$2,000 per week on coke, which he has been using since his mid 20s. Those are the findings of Dr. Arnold Washton, who treats well-heeled "cocaine addicts" at a private clinic in Manhattan, and directs research derived from the 800-COCAINE national hotline.

Nearly half the 150,000 calls placed to the national dial-a-counselor number in the last seven months of 1983 derived from the New York City metropolitan area, Dr. Washton testified to the state senate Committee on Investigations. Callers to Washton's hotline include people seeking information about cocaine's health consequences, people seeking guidance for problems of cocaine dependence, and the acquaintances and relatives of people who may or may not have troubles with coke. From the data he's collected, Washton told the committee, he believes he can estimate that 43 percent of all the people who dial 800-COCAINE deal coke to buy more coke; one-fifth of all callers steal money and property from their work place to buy coke; and over a quarter of them steal from their friends and families.

The senate inquiry into cocaine was staged by Manhattan Republican senator Roy Goodman, who also invited testimony from Manhattan physician Robert Millman, who runs the drug-abuse services at a major city hospital. Millman testified that his own statistics indicate that 10 percent of all young adults in New York have tried cocaine, and yet there are no funds specifically provided by the state for the treatment of cocaine disorders. Thus, few people know where to seek treatment for cocaine prob-

lems, Millman told Goodman, and treatment in a private Manhattan clinic can run about \$6,000 per week. An observer

and might itself conduce to larceny, if it does not already constitute it.

The director of the state's sub-

The cost of treatment might itself conduce to larceny, if it does not already constitute it.

noted that this would make cocaine treatment roughly four times as financially ruinous as the average habit at its worst,

stance-abuse services, former heroin addict Julio Martinez, turned these implied criticisms to his advantage. Martinez said

his bureaucracy has compiled compendious statistics of its own about cocaine, has set up a pilot "self-help" program plan for cocaine abusers, and very closely watches the prevalence of cocaine on the streets all over New York City. If state funding was more ample, Martinez pledged, even more could be accomplished in these areas.

Senator Goodman wound up the hearing with an indication that he was aware of the true long-term hazards of the drug: "Cocaine is the major drug producer of revenue for the underworld, with billions of dollars each year being laundered and hidden from the view of law-enforcement authorities."

POT CONFERENCES, SMOKE-INS, PROTESTS, ETC.

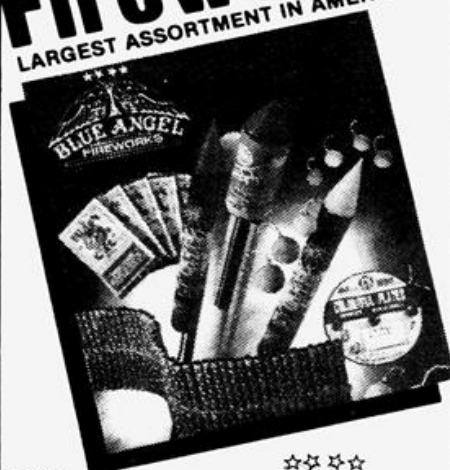
The following schedule of events was compiled from information provided by the New York Yippies and the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML). An updated version of this list will appear each month in Highwitness News. Inquiries about specific events should be directed to the Yips, NORML or local sponsoring organizations. The Yips can be reached at Smoke-in Central, (212) 533-5028; NORML's Washington number is (202) 331-7363. If you are working on an event that should be added to this schedule, please send the relevant information, at least three months in advance, to: News Dept., HIGH TIMES Magazine, 17 W. 60 St., New York, NY 10023.

Hash Bash (Yippies), Ann Arbor, Michigan, the Diag.	April 1
National NORML Conference, Boston.	April 13-15
UN Cannabis March (Yippies), Fifth Ave., New York City.	May 5
Turn-yourself-in-for-one-joint Smoke-in (Yippies), Morristown, New Jersey.	May 12
High Noon Smoke-in (Yippies), Chicago, Lincoln Park (local number: [312] 235-7914).	June 9
Lobbying for Freedom conference on marijuana and other civil-liberties issues (NORML), Washington, D.C.	June 10
White House Smoke-in (Yippies), Washington, D.C.	July 3-4
Marijuana parade to Democratic Convention (Yippies), San Francisco.	July 14
Regional marijuana reform conference (NORML), Portland, Oregon.	July 28-29
Protest Myopic Majority's War on Everything (Yippies), coinciding with Republican Convention, Dallas.	August 20-23

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS.

NEW SYNTHETIC OPIATE HAS HIGH O.D. POTENTIAL

/ continued from page 22

lation (or the lack of it) may not make too much difference.

Bathtub fentanyl itself appears to be a surprisingly adequate substitute for real smack. LaBarbera and Wolfe interviewed numerous clients of a Bay Area methadone clinic, and learned that they'd all knowingly done fentanyl from time to time since 1980, and so had virtually all their friends on the Oakland-San Francisco junk scene. None preferred fentanyl to heroin, because the initial "rush" from fentanyl is a pale ghost of the instant-gratification smack rush. Also, having heard of fentanyl's genuinely phenomenal potency—mere *microgram* quantities are sufficient to cause fatal overdose—they self-inject it with great caution, pinch by pinch, until they're as high as they want to get.

Aside from its deficient rush, however, fentanyl turns out to be really surprisingly apt for getting confirmed addicts through periods of heroin dearth. Like heroin, it's sold to addicts in precisely measured retail quantities of sugar or mannitol, priced competitively with brown Persian "Rufus" and real China White from Southeast Asia. And a single fix of it wards off withdrawals and drug craving, while producing a very tolerable "nod" buzz that lasts nearly twice as long—six to eight hours—as heroin itself.

This discovery has confounded drug researchers, but yields a clue to the real reason for fentanyl's notable overdose liability. Pharmaceutical fentanyl has always been officially classed as a "short-acting opiate." It's merchandised by the Janssen Pharmaceutical Company under the brand-names Sublimaze and Innovar, as a half-hour anesthetic for quick surgical operations. Its acute effects of analgesia and lethargy appear to wear off after about 30 minutes; but evidently no one ever checked postoperative patients to see how long they continue to feel high *after* the half-hour operation.

Closer study has turned up some curious quirks in the way fentanyl works in the body. Within five minutes after injection, a good deal of a fentanyl dose disappears from the bloodstream, evidently by being drawn up into the body's fatty tissues. Then, about 45 minutes after injection, these drawn-up fentanyl particles *reappear* in the bloodstream, intensifying and sustaining the drug's opiate effects. This accounts for the observation of LaBarbera and Wolfe that some addicts report shooting fentanyl less often per day than heroin. It also suggests why so many addicts have overdosed on fentanyl: over 50 confirmed deaths since 1980, plus innumerable suspected deaths and sublethal over-

doses.

When junkies have an abundant supply of dope on hand, they're likely to just sit around together, fixing up repeatedly every time the initial high begins to wane. When fentanyl's involved, this can be deadly dangerous. The absorption of part of the dose by fat, and its delayed appearance in the blood after a 45-minute interval, makes such repeated self-administration highly inadvisable.

To compound this hazard, fentanyl has a very special way of slowing down and depressing one's breathing rate. Heroin itself has the side effect of slightly retarding respiration, but with fentanyl this effect is greatly accentuated. Repeated injections of fentanyl could therefore simply cause a person to gradually stop breathing, like a car gradually running out of gas. This effect

*Repeated injections
of fentanyl could
simply cause a person
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gradually running
out of gas.*

could be immediately reversed by emergency-ward naloxone (Narcan), but repeated hits of it might have to be administered, in view of fentanyl's unexpectedly prolonged action in the body; and all through that time, the addict would necessarily be in acute withdrawal.

There may be still-unknown properties in fentanyl that add to its special overdose liabilities. Dr. Henderson at San Francisco State, for example, knows of a case in which a person dropped dead after a single snort of the stuff: obviously *not* a casualty of repeated administration. And as new, unstudied analogs of fentanyl appear on the street, from time to time, some are sure to turn out to be even more hazardous than the two analogs which have already been studied.

To date, this tricky and dangerous "synthetic heroin" has been largely confined to California, from San Diego to Oakland. "It appears that fentanyl is available through a very limited number of heroin dealers," the

Journal authors write, "and is therefore available to a select group of street dealers and their customers." Since it's priced competitively with only the very best connoisseur's smoking heroin, chances are that most of its clientele are not impoverished "street" junkies, but comparatively well-to-do occasional chippers—the sort of people who resort to smack to ease them gently out of a prolonged cocaine binge. Being nonaddicts with no opiate tolerance, such people would be very liable to overdose dead on an insufficiently diluted dose of fentanyl; conceivably a single snort could do it.

The prevalence of bathtub fentanyl could very easily spread throughout the country, LaBarbera and Wolfe point out: "Only \$200 worth of precursors and one week of lab time is needed to produce a two-year supply." Dr. Henderson, who has inspected street samples regularly since 1980, believes that so far the stuff has been produced by a single California chemist or team of chemists, employing a fairly sophisticated technique and quality-control equipment. Whoever cuts the stuff, measuring out the necessary microscopic quantities of fentanyl into the sugar, certainly seems to know the business; an improperly cut wholesale batch of fentanyl would have killed a lot more people than have so far died from it.

The possibility of bathtub-fentanyl production spreading nationwide is a major law-enforcement headache. "Ease of production might facilitate the establishment of new laboratories as quickly as the old ones could be dismantled," the *Journal* authors predict. Since a single kilo of fentanyl is as powerful as fifty kilos of pure heroin, the stuff is a smuggler's dream; it doesn't even have to be smuggled across the borders, where nearly all the heroin the feds ever manage to seize is interdicted.

This prospective catastrophe seriously complicates current drug-enforcement strategy. "Fentanyl has a proven potential for the immediate replacement of opium-based narcotics," LaBarbera and Wolfe conclude, "should their availability suddenly cease." Since heroin addicts know they can depend on bathtub fentanyl to tide them through a heroin drought, any prolonged drought which law enforcement might create will only stimulate fentanyl production.

Besides being a law-enforcement nightmare, the widespread street availability of fentanyl could conceivably contribute to an unprecedented addiction epidemic. As veteran Chicago drug researcher Art Stickgold has pointed out, fentanyl doesn't have heroin's property of making first-time users sick to their stomachs. Heroin's nausea-producing property undoubtedly deters many neophyte experimenters from doing it often enough to get strung out. Since fentanyl doesn't make neophytes sick at all, Stickgold warns, a lot more people may wind up getting strung out on it than ever got strung out on good old-fashioned doojie.



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O.Z. VOORBURGWAL 90

HEKELVELD 7

THE RISE AND FALL OF SHERIFF WRIGHT

/ continued from page 21

Charlie even had a kind word for Gary Fuller, the man who had gained his confidence and set him up for a federal bust: "I always thought he was a right nice fellow. I thought he did a good job while he was here."

And he said he'd stay on as sheriff—"as long as my friends will have me"—unless, of course, he was convicted, in which case he'd resign.

Charlie Wright remained sheriff, under indictment, for almost three months, until that afternoon in mid June when his patrol car hit an abutment of the Whitewater Creek Bridge at about 75 miles an hour. He was thrown from the car and it came to rest on top of him in a ditch more than 300 feet from the point of impact. He was declared dead at the scene. It had happened in broad daylight on a road he'd been driving since he was a kid. They tested his blood for alcohol and found none, and went over the wreck looking for any mechanical problem that could have caused the accident, but there didn't seem to be anything wrong with the car either.

Dozens of locals visited the scene of the crash and told reporters there what a fine man he had been. One woman even expressed the conviction that this whole marijuana-conspiracy scandal was an effort to "rail-road out" of office a man who would never be ousted by the voters. Taylor County mourned Charlie Wright, even though the big-city cops from the FBI and GBI said he was "corrupt."

Of course, he was never tried for his alleged drug crimes, but some of the tapes Gary Fuller made were played at the trial of Eligah Watson at the end of June. In some of them Charlie was heard joking with Watson about the pot field on Watson's property, but joking about a pot field and knowing there really is one can be two different things—and the full story will probably never come out. It may be that Sheriff Wright simply had to cooperate with Watson because Watson was helping Al Taunton to make the money that would save his farm.

On some of the tapes, Fuller seems to be pressing Watson into a pot-growing scam while Watson expresses reservations. Watson does tell Fuller, on tape, that he plans to split the profits with the sheriff, but Watson may have had his own reasons for telling Fuller that.

Another section of the tape even suggests that Charlie was ignorant of Watson's marijuana crop. Watson says, "And I ain't mentioned it to him, 'bout that come up down there. And Charles don't know nothing about it..." Later he adds, "We'll make that decision [about whether to tell Wright about the pot] when the time comes... If he asks me if I planted any, I'm gonna tell him no."

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NIDA CHIEF CENSORS DRUGS LITERATURE

/ continued from page 19

rently being replaced in NIDA's inventory by strident, pseudoscientific "drug prevention" material tailored to the dogmatic anti-drug ideology of the Reagan administration. If such garbage is to float at all, it'll be necessary for NIDA to permanently suppress any genuine scientific information about drugs, and keep it suppressed forever.

"Pulling these titles out reminds me of George Orwell's 1984, where they changed history by going back and pulling things out," Dr. Ruth Engs of Indiana University told Pollin at a drug-abuse conference after his hit list was circulated. "I'm disturbed as a professor, because I think having librarians take these off the shelves is censorship. We should look at them for their historical value."

Dr. Don Otterburg of Pennsylvania also voiced concern: "What a lot of us are feeling is that a decision was made to try to rewrite history," he told Pollin. "When you start messing around with what's in the library, the issue has to do with far more than drug abuse." Connecticut drug-abuse chief Donald McConnell asked Pollin exactly who had drawn up the book-burning list, and why, but got no concrete answers.

"Clearly this could have been more appropriately worded," Pollin temporized. However, "failure to actively disown some earlier publications" had put NIDA in "some very unfortunate circumstances," he confessed. In fact, NIDA has repeatedly been charged with "promoting drug abuse among youth" by activists for the National Federation of Parents for Drug-Free Youth—a cryptoconservative Capitol Hill political pressure group which lobbies for right-wing legislation in the guise of "drug prevention." The National Federation receives copious federal funding to generate its own strident drug-prevention literature, and it's this literature which will shortly supplant the STASH titles as the government's official word on hallucinogens.

Pollin was called "a man of our times" (the time being, in fact, 1984) by his superior, William Mayer of the Alcohol, Drug Abuse and Mental Health Administration, for his censor list. The purge of 1970s NIDA titles had to be undertaken, Mayer says, because back then there existed "people who worked for NIDA who were actually advocating normalizations involved with marijuana laws."

This snide allusion was obviously to the much-missed founding administrator of NIDA, Dr. Robert DuPont. Dr. DuPont was a vocal supporter of marijuana decriminalization and a frequent fixture at meetings of NORML, before his forced resignation in 1978. Dr. DuPont is currently chairman at a Washington drug lobby called the National Council on Drug Education.

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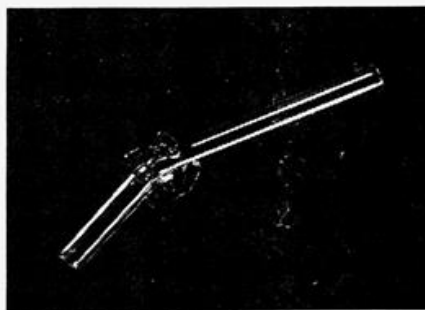
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TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

by Bud Bogart

This column has dutifully chronicled the rehabilitation of Mexican reefer over the past five years as it worked its way back from the virtual obscurity suffered in the mid-'70s. Mexiweed was deservedly exiled back then. Much of it was so harsh, dry and unpotable as to be scorned by all but the poorest consumers, clustered in places like Tempe and Santa Fe where lids of Mex sold for ten bucks.

Of course, the demise of Mexican was not simply a matter of consumer choice: Nixon's "Operation Intercept" along the Rio Grande border dampened the enthusiasm of smugglers; political turmoil in the growing country interrupted supply at the source and the paraquat scare discouraged American buyers. But much of the potsmoking culture simply abandoned Mexican in favor of the vastly more powerful Jamaican and Colombian strains that swept the country in the early part of that decade. By 1975 it was almost impossible to find any but the very finest, or very worst, of Mexican pots.

The cops, at their best slow and bumbling during the cannabis heyday of the '70s and at their worst downright stupid, didn't catch on to the Colombian shift until it had happened. By then the public was already tiring of Colombian, and sinsemilla was surging into dealers' warehouses—a drift the D-men are just catching onto today.

It was in 1978 that then DEA chief Peter Bensinger first announced that in the previous six months national crime stats showed more Colombian than Mexican pot had been seized by the blackshoes. Even hardened newscasters—journalism being among the professions most peppered with potheads—had to bite their tongues to keep from laughing when this was aired. As they all knew from their local dealers, Mexican pot had not been seen in major markets for over three years. The tardy stats were attributable to the obtuseness of cops who routinely categorized pot they seized as Mexican, because that's what it had always been in the past. There was nothing in Harry Anslinger's edicts about pot from Colombia.

It came as something of a surprise when, in 1980, Mexican pot suddenly reappeared—slimmer, trimmer, spiffier than ever before, like it had spent its exile in a California spa. Not only did it look better, but it tasted better and packed more of a punch. And it was

everywhere, from Spokane to the Bronx.

The Mexican growing season is, of course, considerably longer than that of most of the United States. So there are actually two pot harvests, one in the late spring and one in the early winter. The winter harvest is the best, benefiting from the cycle of daylight best suited to cannabis growth. The green tide of semisinses hits the U.S. market just as the domestic harvest is beginning to ebb. This has been the pattern the past three years, with the first buds arriving in late November or early December and continuing to trickle in all the way through June.

Early this winter the market was glutted with Mexican, most of it priced from \$900 to \$1,350 a pound. Ounces fetched a hundred and a quarter or thereabouts. Many dealers sold for even more, pawning it off as a domestic sinse.

There are some legitimate complaints about the Mexican: Some smokers say it has a boring uniformity to it; others note too high a chlorophyll count (that's what causes the gummy, foul-tasting, brackish gel to form around the puffing end of a joint, often erroneously referred to as "resin"); and the agriculturally minded argue that harvesters sometimes pick the buds too early, cure it for too short a time and send it on its way weighted with water and ripe for mold.

But these are really comparatively minor problems. For those who want a stronger smoke than basic Colombian and can't afford the pricey supersinses, Mex is a practical alternative.

Dope-will-get-you-through-times-of-no-money-better-than-money-will-get-you-through-times-of-no-dope department . . . You've probably heard about the recent brainstorm at the Treasury Department to issue money of different colors in order to better monitor the country's cash flow—and follow the trail of dope dollars. This should provide a golden opportunity for counterfeiters who could take advantage of traders unfamiliar with the new greenbacks, or yellowbacks or bluebacks. If the new currency plan is executed, watch for bundles of phonies to show up in drug markets, where the authenticity of products purchased is often checked more thoroughly than the pedigree of what it's purchased with.

TRANS-HIGH QUOTATIONS MARKET



CANADA

Commercial	arf-arf	oz	90-100
Colombian		lb	750-850
Gold and red	likewise	oz	125
Colombian		lb	1100-1200
Hawaiian buds	almost non-existent	oz	325-350
		lb	2800-3600
Mexican tops	passable, usually available	oz	75-85
		lb	500-700
Homemade "cake" hash	impotent	gm	15
Afghan hash	flatblack	gm	260
		lb	15
Kashmir hash	reddish, rocket fuel	gm	3250
		lb	25
U.S. sinsemilla	excellent when available	oz	375
		oz	200
LSD	blots from California	one	4-10
		100	200-450
Methaqualone	same boots as in States	one	3-6
		100	275-450
Cocaine	steadily rising quality	gm	130-180
		oz	2000-3200

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta	pawn in army-	oz	15-20
reds	rebel rumble	lb	75-110
Commercial	distribution	oz	5-10
domestic	difficult	lb	50-100
Colombian hash	forgettable	oz	8-25
		lb	100-225
Hash oil	a lost cause	oz	150-200
		lb	1500-2000
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	oz	40-75
Cocaine	devalued pesos	oz	175-225
	make this a buy	lb	2500-3500

DENMARK

Imported weed	headster's status	oz	75-125
	symbol	kilo	1250-3750
Homegrown pot	subtle, typically European	oz	free to \$10
Moroccan hash	quality better this year than last	oz	50-100
	transport	kilo	1000-2000
Lebanese hash	problems solved	oz	60-120
	top banana	kilo	1200-2200
Black Afghani hash		oz	100-135
Pakistani hash	ditto	oz	100-150
Cocaine	brisk market	gm	100-150
		oz	2500
		kilo	50,000

ECUADOR

Commercial	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10
Colombian		lb	60-100
Red and gold	surprisingly, not that much	oz	15-25
Colombian	passable	oz	200
Sierra buds		lb	6-10
		lb	70-100
Esmeraldas swamp grass	the worst	oz	2-4
Cocaine base	lots	lb	40-60
Cocaine	pure as the driven snow	gm	negotiable
	traded for blow	one	25-40
LSD		one	5

JAMAICA

Jamaican gold	color, sweetness	lb	375-450
Sinsemilla	varies super tops	lb	750-1500

MEXICO

Guerrero gold	needles in a haystack	oz	35
		lb	200
Oaxacan	long-stem beauties	oz	10
		lb	90
Sinse	northern grown, sativa	oz	25
		lb	250
Acapulco gold	on the stalk	oz	20
		lb	175
Hash	greenish brown, a snoozer	oz	15
		lb	150
Cocaine	much fake, pass it on	gm	30-50
Methaqualone	much pharmaceutical, okay	ea	1-2

NORTHERN IRELAND

Hash, Red Leb	fresh as a daisy	oz	150
Hash, Blond Leb	in white bags	oz	135
Hash, Paki black	champion	oz	175
Pot, African sticks	okay, not super	oz	170
Pot, Colombian	low-quality marsh	oz	110
Pot, homegrown	mostly baloney	oz	0-60
Speed	crystal meth	gm	30
LSD	European blots	ea	6
Cocaine	called "De Lorean White"	gm	160

SAUDI ARABIA

Black Kashmir hash	one of the world's great hashes	gm	20
Nepalese hash	fingers only	oz	250
		gm	15-20
Pakistan hash	fresh, pressed	oz	225-250
		gm	10-15
Afghani hash	greenish black, funny	gm	175-200
Lebanese red hash	a choker	oz	10-15
Cocaine	no shit, the real thing, but \$ great	gm	10
Thai sticks	commercial grade	oz	175-200
Philippine pot	legal, kind of	gm	250-300
Ups & downs	homemade	one	25
Moonshine		oz	50-75
		100	5
		pint	30

UNITED STATES

Area Bulletins			
Washington, D.C.	seedless Mex, some too dry	oz	135
Columbus, Ohio	rock-hard red Leb, probably leftovers	oz	120
Phoenix	Mexican sinse, red-headed wetback	lb	850
Denver	"Purple Death" indica/sativa	oz	225
Miami	lumbo flake, without footprints	1/4 oz	225
Philadelphia	last of the Lemmon 'ludes	ea	20
Sangre de Cristo mts., N.M.	ultra-indica, high-altitude killer	lb	2250
Marin County, Calif.	magic 'shrooms, top o' the line	lb	1000
Bridgeport, Conn.	rocky shale, golden glow	gm	125
Seymour, Conn.	Thai weed, clotted	oz	160
	tan buds	lb	2500
New York City	big, seeded, green	lb	1500
Pt. Reyes, Calif.	colas from Belize	lb	2500
San Francisco	indica sinse, sticky & hairy blotter acid, yellow cross/purple triangle, purity itself	ea	free (at the Dead concert)

National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	off-season prices prevail	oz	150-300
	tremendous glut	lb	1500-3000
Commercial Mexican		oz	60-80
Top-grade Mexican	tidal wave	lb	650-950
Jamaican		oz	120-150
		lb	1100-1650
Jamaican sinsemilla	negligible supply	oz	60-80
Commercial Colombian	some supersativas, sticky though	lb	650-850
Primo Colombian	drought slowly abating	oz	175
Thai sticks	equally unavailable	lb	1100-1500
		oz	60-75
Loose Thai	West Coast only	lb	700
		one	85
		lb	800
		oz	10-25
		oz	180-225
		lb	175-225
Hawaiian	new influx	lb	1600-1700
	not their best year	oz	235-300
		lb	2700-3200
Lebanese hash	here, but in lesser volume	oz	110-140
Black Afghani hash	fresh, gummy	lb	900-1100
Paki hash	slabs	oz	175-200
	scarce as real 'ludes	lb	1850-2200
Psilocybin mushrooms	dried, lots of pieces	oz	165
Peyote	hard to find	lb	1600-1900
LSD	beware of aged stock	one	175
		one	1600
Cocaine	ounce-prices dropping	100	10
		gm	3-5
		100	150-300
		gm	90-150
		1/2	350-400
		oz	1700-2600
Methaqualone	mixed phonies, watch for baddies on the comeback trail	ea	3-7
		100	200-400
Meth-amphetamine		gm	120-160
Alaska			
Commercial Colombian	nada	oz	50-65
Domestic sinsemilla	'tis the season	1/4 oz	550-650
Mexican weed		oz	50
	most available	oz	200
		lb	50-65
Mainland sinsemilla	immigrant	oz	500-600
Thai sticks	flow	lb	225-300
	timberland	one	2000-2750
		lb	20
Lebanese hash	big mover	gm	2400-2650
		oz	10
Cocaine	now and then, not bad either	gm	130-200
	blots	oz	100-175
LSD		one	2000-2800
		one	5
Methaqualone	bootlickers	100	350-500
		one	5
		100	350
Hawaii			
Puna buds	uncharacteristic scarcity	oz	225-275
Kona gold	western-slope beauties	lb	2200-2750
Waikiki wacky	sparkles with resin	oz	225-275
		lb	2000-2500
Mauie wowie	overpriced, overrated	oz	250-275
		lb	2500-2700
LSD	fresh from the lab	one	225-275
Mushrooms	hot from the lava beds, dried	oz	2400-3000
Cocaine	not a big mover	gm	2-4
		oz	150
Amphetamines	over the counter from S.A.	one	75-125
		one	2050-3000
		one	2

MPTP

CHARGES

MPTP may cause destruction of crucial brain tissue. This destruction results in a Parkinson's disease-like syndrome and causes paralysis.

NATURE AND USE

1-methyl-4-phenyl-1,2,5,6-tetrahydropyridine (MPTP) is a by-product in the synthesis of 1-methyl-4-phenyl-4-propionoxy-piperidine (MPPP), an analogue of the painkiller meperidine or Demerol. MPTP is also a commercially available compound sold as a chemical intermediate (not a drug) by a number of industrial chemical companies.¹ In that this substance is not meant for human consumption, its effects on animals or man have never been scientifically or systematically investigated.

The presence of MPTP in street compounds of the meperidine analogue MPPP seems to be the result of sloppy synthesis. A case report published in 1979 indicates that similar symptoms resulted from a botched synthesis of a meperidine analogue in the mid-1970s.² In that case the patient attempted to synthesize 4-propyloxy-4-phenyl-N-methylpiperidine (PPMP) and—as a result of taking “short cuts” such as reduced reaction times and higher reaction temperatures, as well as neglecting to isolate and properly crystallize the resulting chemical—instead got 4-hydroxy-4-phenyl-N-methylpiperidine (HPMP). After shooting up a portion of it, he suffered parkinsonian paralysis characterized by the inability to speak, severe body rigidity, weakness, flat facial expression and sensory confusion.

MPTP is for all intents and purposes a contaminant in an illegally synthesized “synthetic heroin” related to meperidine. Meperidine itself is a synthetic painkiller that is used to reduce the moderate to severe pain of migraine headaches and childbirth. All the precautions cited in last month's column for other opiates apply to meperidine as

**(a contaminant of MPPP)
AKA: 1-methyl-4-phenyl-1,2,5,6-tetrahydropyridine. A by-product of bathtub 1-methyl-4-phenyl-4-propionoxy-piperidine (MPPP), a meperidine (Demerol) analogue, sometimes sold as “synthetic heroin” or “new heroin.”**

Medical advice by David E. Smith, M.D. Written by David E. Smith and Rick Seymour of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. The authors do not advocate the use of any psychoactive substances.

well. It is produced both under its generic name and also as Demerol HCL and Pethadol. In the street it is known as “cubes.” It is also combined with aspirin, acetaminophen, caffeine, phenacetin or promethazine and sold under various brand names for relief of mild to moderate pain.³ We want to be very clear that MPTP is not an ingredient in legitimate meperidine; it is a by-product found in drugs of deception that are clandestinely manufactured and sold on the street as “synthetic heroin.”

ADVERSE EFFECTS

In early 1982 cases of severe parkinsonism began to surface in Northern California. By the beginning of July MPTP and MPPP had been identified in samples of “new heroin” used by some of the victims.¹ Researchers at the National Institute of Mental Health in Bethesda, Maryland, confirmed clinical suspicions that the new heroin might be causing the problem when they produced parkinsonism in monkeys by injecting them with a form of MPTP.⁴

It is now fairly certain that use of the MPPP form of meperidine (Demerol), contaminated with MPTP and sold as synthetic heroin, can cause permanent Parkinson's disease symptoms by affecting the neurotransmitters in a specific area of the brain. At this writing, over 150 people in the San

Francisco Bay Area are known to be affected, and cases are appearing in other parts of the country. There are probably many other victims who have not yet been identified.

Symptoms may be noticed anywhere from 48 hours to six weeks after use of the contaminated drug. Early symptoms are stiffness of movement (almost arthritis), tremors and, in some cases, seizures. Symptoms may progress all the way to total paralysis. Paralysis has been so complete in some instances that the victims could only respond to questions by eye movement.

Patients have responded to therapy with a combination of L-dopa and carbidopa (Sine-met), used in treatment of conventional Parkinson's disease. These medications themselves can have side effects which limit their use and sometimes limit the treatment to temporary relief of symptoms. The brain damage is irreversible. This “bad dope” can lead to permanent disability and paralysis.⁵

The contaminated drug has been described as brown, granular and sticky, but this description is not reliable, since its appearance may vary, making it almost impossible for the user to detect reliably. Victims have reported a burning sensation during injection, but there is no sure way of identifying the contaminated material short of careful laboratory analysis.

PharmChem Laboratories in Menlo Park, California, has undertaken analysis for MPTP (the toxic ingredient in this synthetic heroin) through their Analysis Anonymous service. Information on this service can be obtained from them by calling (415) 328-6200.

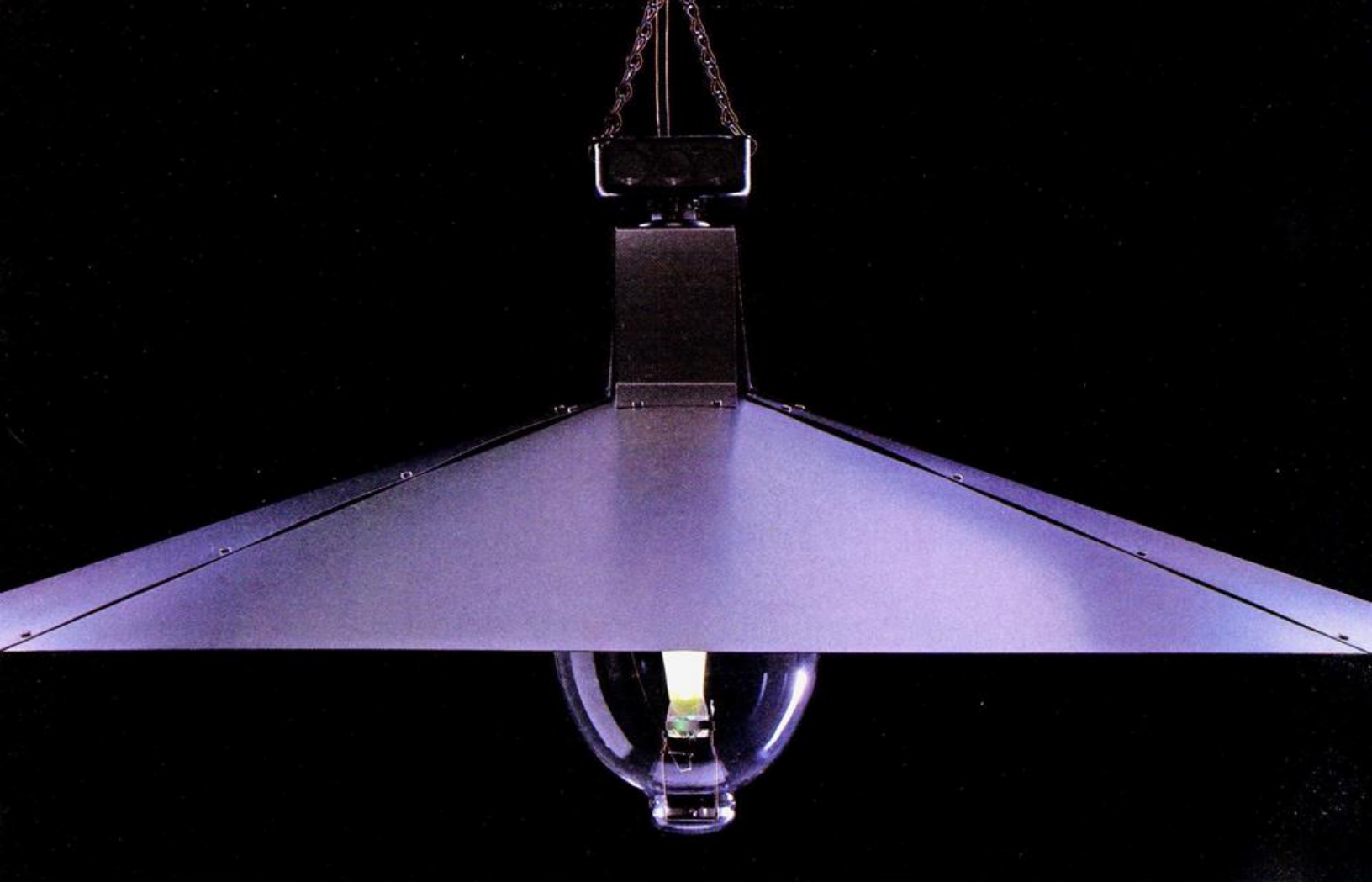
FIRST-AID PLUS

There really isn't any. Anyone who has used so-called synthetic or new heroin and is showing any of the above symptoms should get to a treatment center immediately, if possible with a sample of the dope they've been taking. Given the problems inherent in this and all other opiate drugs of deception, we think anyone who would use them has to be crazy, suicidal or one of Barnum's fools.

NOTE: Paradoxically, MPTP and its victims are providing the first real breakthrough on the understanding and possibly the eventual cure of Parkinson's disease. Researchers are carefully studying the effects and mechanism of action of MPTP, with the suspicion that cell death in Parkinson's disease may be caused by a natural substance in the body, similar to MPTP.

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- ⁵Renfroe, Chuck, Notice, PharmChem Laboratories, Menlo Park, 1984.



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SANDEE BURBANK

Founder of Mothers Against Misuse and Abuse (MAMA), Sandee Burbank heads one of the most unique parents organizations in the country. Unique in that its attitude towards drugs is rational, not hysterical.

by Bob LaBrasca

When we at HIGH TIMES first got word, about a year and a half ago, that an organization called Mothers Against Misuse and Abuse (MAMA) had begun to build a following up in the potgrowing country of northern Oregon, we were delighted—though a bit skeptical. The group, we understood, was pushing for a broad-based campaign against drug abuse, while taking a soft line on marijuana. There were rumors, of course, of a connection between MAMA and the Oregon Marijuana Initiative (OMI)—the statewide campaign to legalize cultivation and/or possession of personal-use quantities of pot. But if somebody was going to investigate that link, it wouldn't be us.

The national "parents movement" itself, after all, seemed to be little more than a front group and organizing apparatus for repressive right-wingers in general, and the Reagan White House specifically. So we figured this "mothers" organization in Oregon might just be an inspired political riposte to the devil-theorists and scapegoaters who were grabbing headlines and taking over PTA meetings all over America. Hey, why shouldn't the grower interests be savvy enough to set up their own "responsible" front groups? If our guys were stealing some of their fire—well, that's politics.

We were too cynical, it turns out. We finally came face to face with Sandee Burbank, the founder and director of MAMA, at the NORML conference on Marijuana and Health in Washington, D.C., in November, and she was all she claimed to be; and more. She was obviously dedicated, heart and

soul, to dealing with drug-abuse problems in her community. But make no mistake about it, she's also—personally—an energetic supporter of OMI. MAMA, she emphasizes, takes no position on the Marijuana Initiative; their concern is strictly with the problems of drug abuse. She sees no contradiction at all, though, in working actively for both causes.

Sandee is a child of the '60s, grown up. She lives with her husband and her three children on homesteaded property in Wasco County on the eastern slope of the Cascades. You might call her a back-to-the-land farm wife; she's into pottery and the domestic arts. When she and her husband moved there in the mid-'70s they were retreating to the historical American frontier. The Dalles, Wasco's county seat, marks the end of the Oregon Trail; from there the pioneers traveled by water down the Columbia River to the coast. Sandee feels very much a citizen of this still underpopulated region peppered with fruit orchards and occasional grainfields.

Wasco County, tucked against the Washington border, hasn't completely escaped public attention in recent years. The takeover of the town of Antelope by the tantric love cult of Rajneesh has brought network news teams on repeated forays into the county, and put Wasco on the media map. But HIGH TIMES readers may recollect a more obscure tale, published in these pages a year ago.

The story was entitled "The Sinsemilla Snitches" and recounted the exploits of a nefarious free-lance drug informant named Mark Caven. Caven, you remember, set up a phony employment agency in The Dalles and advertised

high-paying jobs for those who could qualify. Most employment in the area is seasonal, and this was the off-season, so his office was soon flooded with eager applicants. In confidential interviews, secretly taped, Caven made it clear to would-be workers that their chances for employment would be much improved if they could find him some good local pot. When Caven's victims managed to scrounge up a little weed, they were busted and offered clemency if they would turn over their suppliers.

All of this, naturally, was done in cooperation with the Wasco County Sheriff's Department and the district attorney's office. It seemed a dandy little investigative strategy, until the whole slimy affair was made public, the cases were thrown out of court and citizens' lawsuits began piling up against the prosecutors and the constabulary. All in all, one nasty little scandal.

But it was the first murmurings of this outrage that pricked the conscience of Sandee Burbank. She knew none of the bustees personally, but when she learned that this kind of third-rate, bait-and-switch chicanery had been conducted under the authority of supposedly responsible public officials, it was enough to get her righteous American dander up. She joined with other citizens in organizing the Committee to Investigate Fraudulent Law Enforcement (CIFLE), and began vociferously protesting at town meetings, exposing the details of the Caven scam to the media and helping to set up lawsuits.

Sandee also had the insight to realize that the Caven affair was more than just

an example of abhorrently unethical conduct—it was also the natural spawn of the marijuana laws. The absolute marijuana prohibition was obviously unenforceable, and consequently created the opportunity for this kind of predatory injustice. So Sandee became a supporter of OMI. Revision of the pot laws, she felt, would at least solve part of the problem.

But she was continually asked about another issue, as she recruited friends and neighbors to support CIFLE and OMI: the undeniably expanding problem of drug abuse. Now that they were de facto community organizers, she and a few friends began looking into that briar patch; and out of their inquiries and organizing efforts MAMA was born.

It took some time, almost a year, but they managed to lay hands on objective, credible drug information for themselves, their kids and their parents. And they got some support from unlikely places: The local police and prosecutors, embarrassed by the Caven scandal, were more than willing to contribute to a visible and respectable effort at actually dealing with the drug problem. At this writing, MAMA-organized drug-education programs have served 800 young people, 150 adults and 50 local professionals in drug-related fields. The group's press-lobbying also provoked a seven-part series of articles in the local paper, on drugs and drug abuse, and managed to keep the coverage balanced and unhysterical.

All of this happened well before Parents for Drug Free Youth, their various flaky affiliates and Nancy Reagan joined forces to produce the overblown "Chemical People" television shows—those abominably dull programs aimed at stimulating the formation of antidrug community organizations, reactionary in substance but structured very much like MAMA. Maybe one of the reasons why MAMA has succeeded—where the Reagan, antidrug TV evangelism is now failing—is that MAMA is more interested in honestly confronting drug problems than in moral posturing.

MAMA and Sandee Burbank are beginning to get some national attention. They recently gave testimony before an Oregon Special Committee on Alcohol and Drug Abuse Policy, and Sandee has been a guest on the syndicated "Woman to Woman" TV talk show. She's also beginning to receive invitations to speak in various forums around the country. We only hope the appearance of her words in these disreputably "drug-oriented"

"We are
the '60s
generation;
this is now
the '80s
and we have
families."

pages does nothing to diminish her obvious credibility.

HIGH TIMES: Just what exactly is MAMA?

SANDEE BURBANK: Mothers Against Misuse and Abuse is a statewide parents organization which was founded in Wasco County, Oregon.

We were originally concerned about what we considered to be a lack of good drug education in the schools, but as we expanded our research we found that it was not just the schools that were lacking in this area but the entire community. So we sat down and figured out what our goals as a group would be.

Firstly, to provide current, scientific drug education to all age groups of our society—I'm not willing to give up on any of them. Some of my best friends are in their eighties and their nineties, and they're beautiful people and have a lot to teach me. Some of my other friends that are that old I can't talk to anymore because they've been medicated to the point where—they're gone. And because I'm not related to them, I don't have any control over it.

Secondly, we want to offer individual and family-oriented alternatives to drug use. And this has to happen on a small-community-by-small-community basis. We have to become communities again.

Thirdly, as a parents organization, we find ourselves in the unique position of being able to serve as a center of communications between law enforcement, educators, the clergy, other parents and youth. We can do that

better than anybody else.

Fourthly, we question the Madison Avenue techniques of advertising over-the-counter drugs, alcohol and tobacco and their effects on our entire population.

HIGH TIMES: But how did you people get together to begin with?

BURBANK: It all started after the Committee to Investigate Fraudulent Law Enforcement exposed an undercover agent operating in our community. We began getting calls from people who were very concerned about drug education and the way it was being handled by the public schools. I then started talking to people in the community, people in other school districts than ours, and as we talked our group grew. I did some research and found that the other parents organizations dealt strictly with illicit drug use by youth. And they didn't even cover all the illicit drug use. For example, there wasn't much mention of tobacco use by youth. Some of the other groups dealt strictly with one drug or another, and we felt that this was counterproductive. Next we went to the chief of police in town and talked with him and told him our concern. I should mention that my position was rather compromised because of my involvement with the Oregon Marijuana Initiative.

HIGH TIMES: Were you deeply involved in that?

BURBANK: At that point, yes. In fact, one of the newspapers carried a cover story about Sandee Burbank, "the crazy marijuana lady."

The hardest thing we had to do was establish a good, credible educational source. Anybody who is trying to set up a MAMA organization is going to find that one of their hardest tasks is to locate a good local source of information. We had heard of Mark Miller from the University of Oregon Drug Information Center, but we had never seen him or heard his presentation. But when we went to see the chief of police we found out that two of his officers had taken training from him and they highly recommended his course. He is also considered an expert witness on drugs for the state.

We decided we would bring Mark Miller here with the support of the local law-enforcement agencies. And he gave a program on basic drug consumer safety which was directed at pretty much all age groups. Young children might not have understood it,

but, for anybody from a junior-high level up, it was very easily understood. He did two presentations, one in the afternoon and one in the evening. And we had 135 people turn out, which is, I guess, phenomenal for the community, considering the fact that other mental-health groups had tried to set up programs before ours but nobody would come.

HIGH TIMES: And just for the sake of chronology, how long was this before the Chemical People thing was on TV?

BURBANK: It was a little bit less than a year. We had our first presentation February second of last year. So by the time the Chemical People show was aired we'd already had an in-service training program that was two days long—ten hours. We had fifty people take that. It's a big deal to get fifty people in our community to commit themselves to ten hours on a weekend, but they did. And it gave us a shared learning experience which also helped unite the community.

HIGH TIMES: The parents who were initially involved in organizing MAMA—were they mostly '60s veterans—people who had either firsthand experience with drugs or at least some general knowledge about them?

BURBANK: Yes. a lot of us had had either personal experience with drugs or had had friends who did. We had seen firsthand a lot of drug use and abuse. We are the '60s generation; this is now the '80s and we have families. A lot of us are grandparents and were very concerned that so many people seemed to be unaware of the real scope of the drug-abuse problem. Not just recreational drug abuse which we're pretty familiar with, growing up in the '60s, but also the abuse we saw occurring with senior citizens who were drugged to keep them quiet or to keep them manageable, et cetera. That was something that was of great concern to many people. It wasn't just the youth. People had gotten very concerned about both ends of the spectrum. You know, the youth and the senior. The interests of everybody in between came later.

HIGH TIMES: Did you find yourself at odds with the more ideologically puritanical parents groups?

BURBANK: We didn't have a parents group here. We were real lucky. We're so far out in the sticks, I guess nobody thought to pay much attention. The other parents organizations that had formed in the state had been around



for quite a while. We hadn't gotten much information out here at all. We had the concerns before we even found out about the other parents groups. It wasn't until we went seeking something that we even found out we disagreed with them. We are *not* reacting to them.

But we were quite happy in that one of our school districts had just spent a bunch of time revamping their drug-education program and had reduced it to responsible decision making. That's basically what it amounts to. And they are now starting on the kindergarten level, teaching people how to make responsible decisions. They have an excellent drug-education program. Also, one of the counselors for the junior high school in that same school district had just been involved in setting up a good drug-education program back East, so he was real familiar with a lot of the issues.

HIGH TIMES: What do you mean by an excellent drug-education program?

BURBANK: Well, okay, I'm just speaking about the health classes now. They were not using reefer-madness kind of education. They had just changed over and were using one that starts at the kindergarten level, teaching people how to make responsible decisions regarding all kinds of things. We didn't feel that this was adequate, but at least it was a step in the right direction. I think that you can teach people, but you also have to have other programs besides just a class, you know.

HIGH TIMES: Like what?

BURBANK: We feel that there need to be peer support groups for people

who are either using drugs and want to quit using them or people who feel they're being pressured to use drugs.

Another thing that we thought we needed and are still working on is a crisis hotline for people who are having problems and need to plug in right away to somebody. People are coming to us because there is nothing available for drug abuse in our community unless you have a lot of money, which puts us in the position of having to search throughout the state for facilities to help these people. And we ran into a problem there when we discovered that if you try to get somebody into a treatment place, they try to make whoever is putting the person in liable for the cost.

HIGH TIMES: And that can be extremely high.

BURBANK: Oh, yeah. I've talked to people that have spent \$50,000 trying to get a child off marijuana, which I find just ridiculous. We've talked to other people who have spent \$23,000 to get somebody clean on cocaine.

What we find so often is that when these people do go to treatment and try to come back into the community they have a real hard time, because there's no halfway house, there's no support group for people who have cleaned up. If it's a child, their old friends think they're a narc, and other kids don't want to have anything to do with them because they're 'bad.' So they find themselves really alienated.

HIGH TIMES: In light of your approach I'm sure you must have found yourself in conflict at some point with some of the other parents groups.

BURBANK: Well, at first we actually went out seeking a group to join, because it's a lot of work to form an organization from the ground up. We checked out Mothers Against Drunk Drivers and the group affiliated with National Federation of Parents, and we found that their scope was so limited and so emotional that we thought it would be counterproductive.

HIGH TIMES: But you actually had discussions about possible affiliation?

BURBANK: Oh, yes. You know, in the beginning we had no idea that we were going to be forming our own group. We were just trying to deal with the issue in our community. It would have been much easier if we could have plugged into another organization with all kinds of printed material, et cetera.

HIGH TIMES: But weren't these the

only groups that were being funded by the Oregon government?

BURBANK: Yes. They also get a lot of federal funds. It gets filtered down through the state but it's coming from a national level. One of the groups had gotten \$10,000, which is a lot of money to us. We've done everything we've done for way less than a thousand. The three things that you had to do to get this kind of money was to first concentrate on the negative effects of drugs, in particular, marijuana. You had to be affiliated with National Federation of Parents for Drug-Free Youth and you had to form twenty viable parents organizations in the state.

So I went to some of their programs and I said things like: "Don't you think we should talk more about alcohol, which is the number-one drug of choice with students?" And "Shouldn't we talk about cigarettes?" But they didn't want to hear what I had to say. A lot of those people could only look at my opinion of the marijuana laws and they would shut down to hearing anything else I had to say. They think because I'm personally opposed to the marijuana laws and think that they are very ineffective, that I'm promoting marijuana use.

What we did see coming from the other parents organization is that they were responsible for introducing a lot of antimarijuana legislation in a lot of states other than ours. Ours is one of the few states where a bunch of that legislation didn't pass. And that came mostly from the marijuana-legalization advocates being much better organized here than they were in most other states. But a lot of parents organizations introduced legislation such as the land confiscation bill or the Model Paraphernalia Act, and they passed without much opposition at all.

HIGH TIMES: Are you aware of any other groups forming along lines similar to MAMA in other states?

BURBANK: Yeah, there are several states where people are working on forming groups of their own. But it takes a long time to first research the community to find out what's already available. Now, it would seem to be a very simple process of picking up the phone and calling, but it's not like that. It took us almost two years to finally get to the point where we realized that we did not have anything in our own community.

HIGH TIMES: Do you work with church groups?



BURBANK: Oh, yeah, I've been working with the church, law enforcement, the schools.

What our group is dealing with are most of the issues that the PTA would be dealing with: alternatives to drug use, a uniting of the community in all age groups. We've found that interaction between different age groups has been reduced to a bare minimum, and that's sort of an underlying problem because kids say that one of the reasons that they use drugs is because of peer pressure. Well, I think that's because we put people in a position where their peers' opinion is more important than anybody else's.

HIGH TIMES: But you've also gone to groups like Kiwanis and Rotary.

BURBANK: We've spoken to the Lion's Club. We have sent letters or have spoken to every service organization in our area. Some of them had a real problem with my position on the marijuana laws, as I've stated. Other groups have divided over the issue and many times we left in the middle of a brawl. Others have become very supportive and have offered us assistance anyway they can. This is just now starting to happen. Because of my personal opinion of the marijuana laws, it's been a long hard process trying to convince people that MAMA's not trying to legalize it. My success rate, probably, with a hostile crowd, is that I can win over about a third.

HIGH TIMES: We get a good deal of mail from parents who use drugs, mainly marijuana, and are unclear as to the best way of explaining their

occasional, recreational drug use to their children. How do you think this situation should be handled?

BURBANK: Well, I've seen people approach it in a couple of different ways. There are people who hide it from their children. I've seen problems come from that. Then there are other people who are quite candid with their children about their marijuana use and explain to them the problems with the law, which is also another big problem because you end up with your child being frightened of law enforcement, because in fact the entire family could be affected by parents using marijuana. And that is one of the reasons I'm involved with the Oregon Marijuana Initiative.

By the way, I'm speaking for myself more than for the group, because I don't know that we've ever really discussed this and decided on a group decision, but my personal feeling about it is that marijuana should be handled just like any other drug. Drugs are not for kids. Kids are too young and too immature—no, that's not the word I want. Let's put it like this. When I was growing up we were not allowed to drink coffee because it stunted your growth. You did not smoke cigarettes because children did not smoke cigarettes. You did not use alcohol because children did not use alcohol. And I feel that children should use no drugs at all if at all possible, and that includes aspirin, or any of the other drugs that are out there. If a child gets a temperature, parents will give him drugs, because children are supposed to have this perfect temperature all the time. I have a lot of problems with the drug use that I see occurring with our kids, not just illicit drug use but legal drug use as well.

You know, we program our kids to take drugs for every little bitty thing that bothers them, from the time they're little babies on. Then, when it comes to recreational drugs—alcohol, I guess tobacco would have to fall into that category, marijuana and illicit drugs—they're already programmed into the system of relieving every anxiety or pain with a drug.

HIGH TIMES: What about in the schools? How early do you think the drug issue should be brought up with kids?

BURBANK: Kindergarten. Maybe not in terms of drugs but in terms of responsible decision making, which

is the whole issue.

HIGH TIMES: What exactly do you mean?

BURBANK: How to weigh the good aspects and the bad aspects and decide what is a good, responsible decision to make. For example, what will happen to me if I do not brush my teeth on a regular basis? It's the same thing, you lose your teeth and you lose your health. It's the same decision—how to take care of your body, how to take care of your mind, yourself, because really the individual is the only person that can end up making those decisions.

HIGH TIMES: Should there be an escalation to addressing specific drug issues as kids get older? Do you have any kind of timetable in your head as to how that should develop?

BURBANK: Oh, I think that most kids, by the time they're in fourth, fifth or sixth grade, have been exposed to drugs, both legal and illegal, and at that point I think we should start, instead of just dealing with responsible decision making, to address the specifics of all the drugs that are out there and their potential for abuse.

HIGH TIMES: So drug education, as far as you're concerned, should encompass all those substances that are prescribed by the family physician.

BURBANK: Oh, yes. That's a whole other issue, how to educate the family physician about drug abuse. One of the highest percentages for drug abuse comes from prescription drugs. A lot of people feel like they haven't gotten their money's worth when they go to the doctor unless they get a prescription. They don't want to hear "Go home and cut down on your coffee intake" or whatever. They want to be handed the miracle drug.

HIGH TIMES: Something that they can put into themselves that will cure them.

BURBANK: That's right.

HIGH TIMES: Let's talk a little bit about the drug literature that's available. I take it you look at a sea of material and cast around for the stuff that you find most reliable.

BURBANK: Right. Well, we get quite a bit of good material from the University of Oregon Drug Information Center. They have a pretty thorough knowledge on the drugs that are out there. The Do It Now Foundation has some excellent stuff, and I noticed that they have expanded their line. For example, we just got a new catalog from them, and instead of one pamphlet on

"I feel that children should use no drugs at all... and that includes aspirin."

marijuana, I think there are now four dealing with different aspects of abuse. We also use Dr. Andrew Weil's books *Chocolate to Morphine* and *The Natural Mind*.

HIGH TIMES: Have you found that there's also a fair amount of drug literature out there that is not helpful, that perhaps has a negative effect?

BURBANK: Yes. The information that National Federation of Parents and their affiliates put out tries to make some drugs evil and other drugs good, and I think that's counterproductive. All drugs have a potential for abuse, every one of them, and there are 400,000 of them out there.

HIGH TIMES: Kids must tune in at some point to the fact that when these groups say "drugs" they don't mean all drugs. They mean the drugs that they happen to be scapegoating at the time, rather than drugs in general.

BURBANK: Yeah. We feel that the reefer-madness approach is very counterproductive. Kids are smart.

HIGH TIMES: You mentioned when we talked before that kids should be a source of information.

BURBANK: That's right. For instance, I was amused with the home urinalysis kit that they're supposed to come out with. If a parent wants to know if their child is using marijuana, it's really pretty easy to find out. Just pay attention. Time and time again I see parents who discover the stash in the child's drawer, question him about it and believe lines like "Oh, I was holding that for my buddy John because he didn't want his dad to find out." Or they find four marijuana plants

growing in their garden and believe the child when he says, "Oh, that's not mine. My buddy John is doing it" or whatever.

What I want to know is, if they can't just talk honestly to their kids about these things, how are they going to get the urine that they need for the sample without the child finding out?

HIGH TIMES: Another interesting sidelight to the urinalysis test kit is its five percent error rate, and that's by the manufacturer's estimate. That virtually guarantees that at least one out of twenty families will produce a situation where a parent who decides to approach his children in that kind of military fashion is going to falsely accuse them of smoking marijuana, and who knows what kind of trouble that could stir up.

BURBANK: That's right. You know, drug abuse is not something that exists on its own. Drug abuse usually occurs when there's a breakdown in the established family unit or the school or the church. I'm always concerned when I hear about kids who are having problems, because so often the problem comes not because of the drug, but that they turn to the drug because of other problems they are having.

HIGH TIMES: And very often the solutions are lacking for dealing with those problems.

BURBANK: Right.

HIGH TIMES: I'd now like to get into the question of legalization, the various initiatives and other approaches. I realize your opinions might not be those of everyone in MAMA.

BURBANK: Well, I can tell you what MAMA's opinion is. In particular about the marijuana laws, we feel that they are inequitable, ineffective, unenforceable and counterproductive. As far as how to deal with the specific issue, we have many different opinions in the group, but we do feel that the laws are more of a problem than a help.

HIGH TIMES: When you were talking before about the problem of how parents deal with their own marijuana use in a household situation, the nub of the problem seemed to be its illegality.

BURBANK: That's true. It's just like if we were trying to teach people how to drive cars responsibly—it would be real hard to do if cars were illegal. Those kinds of laws just aggravate the problem. What we're seeing when we see drug abuse is an illness. Maybe not a physical illness, although in some cases it does become a physical addic-

tion, but it's a mental illness of attitude.

Remember when they used to pick up anybody drunk on the street and throw them in jail? They've changed that a lot lately. Instead, they're now treating the person who is drunk on alcohol as a person with an illness. I find that a lot easier to work with than to make it a crime. I mean, they've already got enough of a problem without being considered a criminal too.

HIGH TIMES: Have you remained active with the Oregon Marijuana Initiative?

BURBANK: Yes, I have. I'm a chief petitioner.

HIGH TIMES: What does that mean?

BURBANK: You have to have three chief petitioners to get a petition on the ballot, and I'm one of three.

HIGH TIMES: And the prospects I take it appear good at this point for—

BURBANK: Oh, yeah, I think we're going to be on the ballot. That's not a problem. We still have some signatures to get, but we gathered lots in just a few months last year. The passing of it is another thing.

HIGH TIMES: The Oregon legislature meets every two years, does it not, and they will go into session again when?

BURBANK: In '84. They already tried to deal with the issue, or they at least put up a front of trying to.

HIGH TIMES: And you need how many signatures?

BURBANK: About 65,000, something like that.

HIGH TIMES: How have you been mobilizing petitioners?

BURBANK: We've got petitioning drives where we go into communities. A lot of petitioning fairs are taking place where we've got all of the initiative petitions in the state and we present them all to the voter and they can sign any of them that they wish.

HIGH TIMES: Are there a lot of people in Oregon motivated to help out with it?

BURBANK: Oh, yes. But it's hard to stand on a street with a petition in your hand and walk up to complete strangers, especially when you're dealing with something as volatile as marijuana. I think that the initiative petition is one of the best things that any state could have going for it, though.

We were very frustrated with the legislature this year and their inability to deal with the marijuana issue. For example, we had five bills that were introduced and they had a hearing on all five bills on one day. One was a land confiscation bill where any

"We refuse to deal just with the issue of youthful drug abuse of the illicit drugs."

amount of any controlled substance would have allowed the government to confiscate your land and all of your holdings. Another one was the model paraphernalia bill. Another one would have reduced penalties. Another one would have made it legal for sales in the liquor stores, and then there was still another one creating a new crime that was possession with intent to distribute. All right? Well, we were allowed three minutes to testify on all five bills. After the testimony was over several of the senators told us, "There is no way we're going to deal with it this way. You are going to have to do it through the initiative process." So that's what we're doing.

HIGH TIMES: So, if you get the initiative on the ballot, then it is still only an advisory initiative, is it not?

BURBANK: No, it's the law. But they'll be able to change it around and set a limit, which we think will just complicate the issue, because either it's for personal use or it's not for personal use. If it's not for personal use, then you are selling it and it's against the law. If it's for personal use it could be one plant or it could be twenty plants. If you try to set a limit of let's say five plants, well, maybe one of the people who can grow five plants is only going to use two. Do you see what I mean?

HIGH TIMES: So I guess you find yourself wearing two hats, one as an activist against drug abuse and the other as a marijuana law reformer.

BURBANK: Definitely. But it's really all the same issue.

HIGH TIMES: In what way?

BURBANK: Well, I've discussed

already how we feel that making drugs illegal creates more of a problem than a help. Obviously, the illegality does not keep people from abusing drugs. We've got record drug abuse now. As far as I'm concerned, it's all the same issue. It all deals with drug abuse and people who are being hurt, whether it be by laws or by their own self-inflicted drug abuse.

HIGH TIMES: So you figure that there is initially a problem with drug abuse and then there is the compounding of that problem by the laws?

BURBANK: That's well put.

HIGH TIMES: What are the prospects for a lot of MAMAs developing around the country? I gather that you're not interested in operating a national political organization?

BURBANK: No. It's not for political reasons that I'm involved. It's what? Humanitarian reasons. I care about people who are abusing drugs whether they be illegal or legal drugs. And, no, I don't really want to be involved in setting up a national organization, although I find right now that I am at the center of most of the organizing that is happening. But what is going to have to happen is that each state is going to have to find their own good, reliable educational source. And that can only be handled at the community level.

HIGH TIMES: You've leveled some pretty strong criticisms at the National Organization of Parents for Drug Free Youth or whatever they are calling themselves these days—that they're in reality a broad-based support group for President Reagan's reelection, right?

BURBANK: Yes. The qualifications I already mentioned, that you needed to be eligible for some of that \$10,000 from the federal government, will point to that. Just those three qualifications alone. What I saw when I went to their conventions was that they talked about marijuana specifically and how to lobby and how to form parents organizations. They didn't really deal much with what you were supposed to do after you formed the organization. They were so interested in legislation, et cetera, which is one of the things that we've stayed away from. We try to deal with the political issues as little as possible. But we see that that's one of their main driving forces.

HIGH TIMES: So it seems that they are interested in promulgating White House policy at the very least?

BURBANK: Oh, yes.

HIGH TIMES: And presumably elect-

ing the people who will support the policy?

BURBANK: Well, Sidney Cohen, Lee DoGoloff, Carleton Turner, those are their main speakers. I went and heard what they had to say. They had a marijuana convention here. That was something *else*. They had a convention on marijuana and our organization wasn't asked to participate. It was kind of interesting. Neither one of the organizations I am affiliated with, the Oregon Marijuana Initiative or MAMA, was asked to participate. But, I went, and what I heard is pretty much the same thing that I've heard before. Now, instead of "amotivational syndrome," they're calling it the "marijuana syndrome." One of their big terms that they use a lot now is the "wall of denial." I think they have a wall of denial in their approach. Most of the people that are doing this speaking for these organizations are getting paid a lot of money. We are strictly volunteers. Usually my expenses are not even met. We make our money through bake sales or burrito sales or however we can get a little bit of money up. We have utilized the law-enforcement agencies' money and their willingness to work with us to bring several of the programs to our community.

HIGH TIMES: Let me ask you about that a little bit more. I've sort of passed over your involvement with law enforcement. You found them cooperative?

BURBANK: Very cooperative.

HIGH TIMES: Why's that?

BURBANK: Because they are the ones that have to try and enforce these laws. We've done a lot of research on what's happening with the courts, and what we see is that, at least in the Portland area, a fourth to a third of the cases that are going through the courts involve marijuana use. And I think most of the law-enforcement agencies would really rather deal with more serious issues like robbery, rape, murder, et cetera.

HIGH TIMES: Right now in your particular county you are dealing with the police department that—

BURBANK: Two police departments. The Sheriff's Department and the city police.

HIGH TIMES: And you had some district-attorney money too, right?

BURBANK: Yes. Well, that was a personal donation from our district attorney.



HIGH TIMES: This is the same guy who had been prosecuting the Caven cases?

BURBANK: The same guy who almost got sued.

HIGH TIMES: And you actually attended a Chemical People town meeting?

BURBANK: Yes.

HIGH TIMES: What was it like? Quite different from a MAMA gathering I suppose?

BURBANK: Well, many of the people that were involved with them had shared an educational experience with us earlier on. And without our having to speak up there were people there who said things like, "We're dealing with youthful drug abuse here but the issues go way beyond youthful drug abuse." Another man said he thought television itself was as bad a drug as any of the ones we were talking about. So there were a lot of very reasonable souls in the audience. They've got a meeting tonight, as a matter of fact. It's their Task Force meeting. And we're going to go and hear what their reports are.

What we've decided to do is just sit back and watch what happens and make available to these people any of the resources that we have. At this point we're much better educated than they are. And we want to share this education with them. We will work with them when we can. But we refuse to deal just with the issue of youthful drug abuse of the illicit drugs. We will not do that. All it does is tend to alienate the kids if you take that approach.

HIGH TIMES: Well, that's probably a

point of view that they should hear.

BURBANK: They have heard it. I mean, they know how we feel about that. And we didn't have to say it. We've had people that are involved with MAMAs around the state attend Chemical People meetings. Someone called me yesterday who'd been appointed as secretary to the Task Force and wanted MAMA to come and speak. What we're doing in our own state with the Chemical People program is trying to plug in, trying to use the people who turned out for the program and see if we can't involve them in the broader issues of drug abuse.

HIGH TIMES: You received a letter from Nancy Reagan, didn't you? What did it say?

BURBANK: It wasn't a letter. They called. I wasn't here, so they left a message that they had just gotten my letter and they were very sorry that they had missed me while I was in D.C. I had called asking for an appointment. We did meet with several of our congressional representatives there and one senator. I just got a letter from Senator Packwood yesterday. I had questioned the tobacco subsidy and wanted to know why he didn't vote. And he wrote me back a page-and-a-half letter about why, stating his position.

We're not just dealing with illicit drug abuse. We're concerned about tobacco and the fifteen-million-dollar-a-year subsidy we put out there, and we're concerned about alcohol and alcohol advertising practices. We're concerned that the president allows himself to be seen toasting with a mug of beer and a glass of wine and wonder what kind of message is going to the youth. We're concerned about prescription drug abuse by senior citizens. They're not doing it to get high. They're doing it because they don't understand the drug interaction. We've gone from less than a couple of hundred drugs to over 400,000 in thirty years. We've got the profit motive on both ends, meaning the drug industry and the rehabilitation industry. I'm not saying that all of them are driven by that motive. But I sure do see a lot of high price tags.

HIGH TIMES: Right. There's profit motive in the illicit drug industry as well.

BURBANK: There certainly is. And our laws help subsidize that industry.

HIGH TIMES: Delighted to hear you say it. □



The line at the Wann's Children
Theatre waiting to see
the black. It's nearly
before show time, but the
line is the longest after-
A that look hoped get
were their duty.

at the Cannon's ready doubling
low tending. This was
at the time the St. Mary's
theatre was under attack
the 1940's, this was the
a few are working hard
nothing strange in the
are simply getting payed

CONFESSIONS OF A BRUCE LEE FANATIC

What? You say you hate Bruce Lee?
You think kung-fu movies are for lower-class trash?
You'd rather read the Jonathan Kaplan interview in "Visions"?
You're going to turn the page now? Not so fast, buddy.
Take that...Ayieeee! by Stuart Goldman

The line at the Mann's Chinese Theatre waiting to see *Superman III* winds half-way round the block. It's nearly one o'clock, practically an hour before show time, but the people stand stone-faced, oblivious to the 90-degree afternoon heat. For the most part they look bored yet determined—as if somehow this were their duty.

Over on the other side of town at the Cameo—a seedy downtown movie house—there's another line forming. This one's decidedly different in character from the one at Mann's. Rather than the heads-down, hands-in-pockets stance adopted by the typical line holder, this bunch looks...well, jacked up. More than a few are winging kicks and punches at one another. There's nothing strange in the demeanor, really. These folks are simply getting psyched to see *Enter the Dragon*—the kingpin of all martial-arts films.

Perhaps the accolade doesn't mean all that much. Most martial-arts films—cranked out weekly on the Mandarin chop-socky circuit—are real stinkeroos. The thinnest semblance of plot is likely to string together a mishmash of fight scenes replete with beheadings, eyes gouged out, disembowelments and castrations.

Enter the Dragon, however, is another story. It boasted a fairly high budget (just under \$1 million) for a film of this genre. It had an Academy Award-nominated director (Robert Clouse). Lalo Schiffrin was doing the score. Most important, there was the muscle of an American company (Warner Brothers) behind the film.

But forget all those statistics. There's one reason, and one reason only, that there's a hopped-up crowd waiting to get into the Cameo, and that's the star of

Enter the Dragon—Bruce Lee.

It's been 10 years since Lee's death, and today he's a bona fide superstar, a pop hero on the level of James Dean. Millions of kids the world over mimic his moves, his expressions, his famed *kiai* (fighting yell). There are Bruce Lee comics, Bruce Lee T-shirts, Bruce Lee lunch pails—you name it. His face continues to sell magazines. "Kung Fu Theatre" (a weekly Channel 9 program) is jam-packed with Lee "tribute" films like *Bruce Lee's Greatest Revenge*, *I Love You Bruce Lee*, *Mean Man Lee* and *Bruce Lee Fights Back from the Grave*. A producer in San Francisco is spending half a million bucks to find the next Bruce Lee. And on it goes.

It's all a bit weird if you stop and think about it. How could this 5'6" Chinaman, with only four low-budget films under his belt, have created this sort of lasting fervor?

Hold it a second. I've gotta get something off my chest. You see, I happen to be a dyed-in-the wool Bruce Lee fan. Ah, better make that "fanatic." Oh, what the hell, let's get it right. I'm a Bruce Lee junkie, okay? I mean, I've seen his other three films at least 10 times each. I'm continually scrounging through the *TV Guide*, hoping for a rerun of his bit parts in "Marlowe" and "Longstreet." A couple of summers ago I spent my only afternoon in Paris sitting in a tiny Left Bank movie house which was showing some old clips from "The Green Hornet" (in which Lee played Kato). And this showing marks, lemme see... God, at least the fiftieth time I've seen *Enter the Dragon*. Well, what am I gonna do? I'm addicted.

I saw *Enter the Dragon* for the first time in 1973 in a decrepit theater on Market Street in downtown San Fran-

cisco. Having nothing better to do one afternoon, I wandered in, knowing nothing about the film or its star. The place was filled with the usual afternoon crowd of winos, plus a goodly assemblage of neighborhood-gang types. I was feeling pretty uneasy as I scrunched down as far as possible into my seat. The place smelled of unwashed bodies, Ripple and piss. I was seriously considering making a quick departure when the houselights dimmed and the first images flickered across the screen.

Bruce Lee, his thin, muscular frame clad only in skimpy bikini bottoms, is squaring off in the center of a ring against a much larger opponent. A crowd of spectators looks on. The two men circle one another, Lee cocking his head in that curious way he had and then *whap!*—the larger contestant is struck with a lightning-fast sidekick. *Whap! Whap!* Two more kicks catch him squarely in the face. The big fellow steps in to grab Lee and is whipped to the ground in a judo hold. Lee bares his teeth and applies pressure until his opponent signals submission. Both men stand and bow, the bigger man holding his ear in pain. Lee remains expressionless. Then, with a clap of the hands, Lee does a double-front handspring out of the ring and is gone.

The entire sequence takes up perhaps a minute of screen time. But in that minute something incredible took place in the theater. The audience had become totally silent and—how to describe it?—united.

After that it was all-out pandemonium. As Lee kicked, spun and punched his way through the baddies, we were cheering, shouting, rooting for *our man*. We were a family, bound by ties stronger than blood. We screamed our bloody

heads off as Lee demolished one guy after another. Yes, brethren we were during that brief hour and a half.

I felt odd leaving the theater. Something was... different. Maybe you know what I mean. There are certain moments in your life when you *know* something has changed. For me those moments never seemed to arrive at the appropriate times. My bar mitzvah, graduating from college, completing therapy, getting married—no, even after those “momentous” occasions everything always seemed pretty much the same.

Then there were the *other* moments: Buying my first 45 (“Hound Dog” with “Don’t Be Cruel” on the other side). Feeling my heart drop to my stomach when I saw Betsy Geller, the first girl I ever fell in love with (in the third grade). Sitting totally mesmerized while watching James Dean in *Rebel without a Cause*. Turning on the car radio and hearing George Jones for the first time. Yes, those were the times when I knew that somehow my life had been permanently altered.

And coming out of seeing *Enter the Dragon* that afternoon in 1973 I was possessed of that same certain knowledge.

I’d dabbled some in the martial arts before discovering Bruce Lee, but it hadn’t taken long to become disillusioned. My first *sensei* (instructor) and I were out having a drink one night when some bozo at the other end of the bar decided he wanted to pick a fight. I calmly sat back, waiting for the moment when my teacher would whack Mr. Loudmouth into oblivion. What happened instead, was that while he was busy getting into his karate stance he got KO’d by a long, looping left hook. Which left him pretty demoralized and me thoroughly disillusioned about the “deadly” form of Korean karate I’d been studying.

Also, like lots of others in the early ‘70s, I’d immersed myself in a study of Oriental philosophy. I gobbled up everything from Zen to Taoism to Krishnamurti. But something always seemed slightly out of whack. I mean, the *people* at those lectures. Never have I seen such a depressing variety of lost souls. Not to mention—from a more macho point of view—that they were a bunch of wimps.

Yet here was Bruce Lee in the opening scene from *Enter the Dragon* giving advice to a pupil. “It’s like a finger pointing the way to the moon,” Lee says. “Don’t concentrate on the finger or you’ll miss all that heavenly glory.” Well, goddamn. There it was. That mysterious Zen “it.” Only “it” was not

coming from the lips of some mealy-mouthed geek sitting on a platform enshrined in flowers, but rather in the person of one bad-assed little mother-fucker. Oh, yes. Lee had it all—wisdom *and* balls. I was hooked.

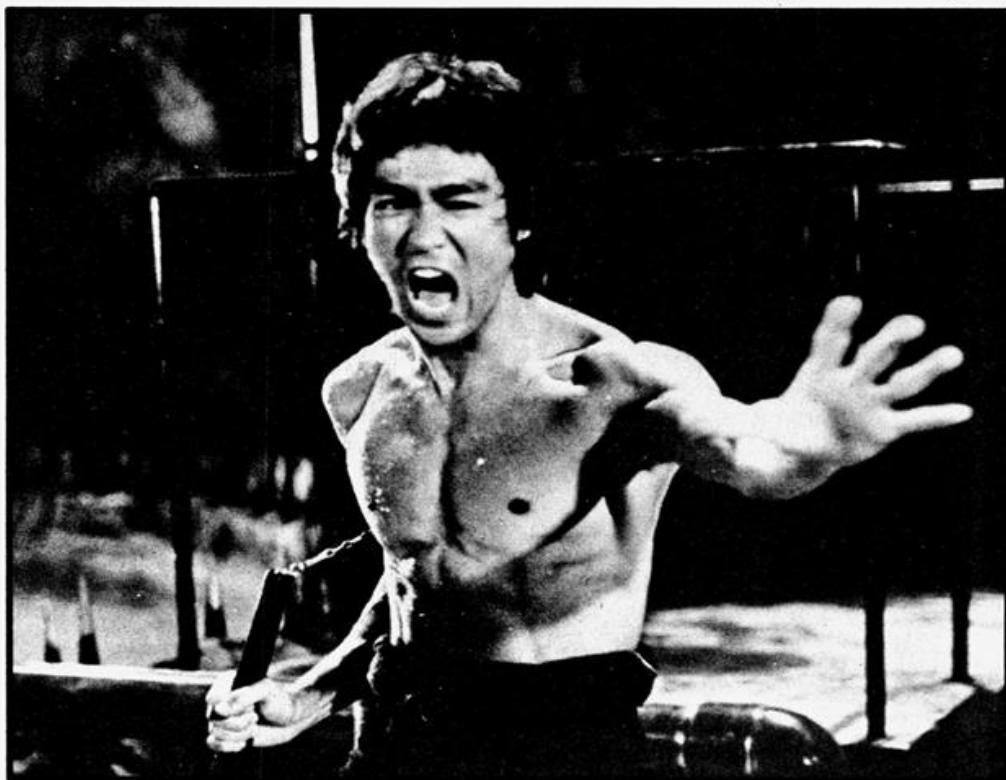
And so I bid farewell to my now black-eyed karate instructor, dumped my books on transcendental meditation and set out to discover more about the man who’d become my new source of inspiration.

As a kid growing up in Hong Kong (Lee was, in fact, born in San Francisco), one could see the makings of “the king of kung fu” at an early age. It was the old Charles Atlas—“skinny kid gets sand kicked in his face”—bit. Lee was

but from judo, jujitsu, Japanese and Korean karate, French savate, Thai kick-boxing, as well as wrestling and boxing. He also embarked upon a weight-training program which would pack his lithe, 135-pound frame with solid muscle.

Besides the incessant training, Lee’s other penchant was for women. He was a cutie pie and he knew it. He reportedly had a card printed up that read DO YOU WANT TO FUCK? IF YES, SMILE, which he passed out to any pretty young thing who caught his eye.

It didn’t take Lee long to tire of the ritual and pomp of the martial arts. “Ninety-nine percent of the whole business of Oriental self-defense is baloney,” he scoffed. “It’s fancy jazz. It looks good,



“Ninety-nine percent of Oriental self-defense is baloney.”

not the most glorious of physical specimens. To make up for those shortcomings he surrounded himself by a local group of toughs. “I was a real punk,” Lee told *Black Belt* magazine. “I was in gangs as far back as I can remember. And we’d always go looking for fights. We used chains, knives... whatever we could get our hands on.”

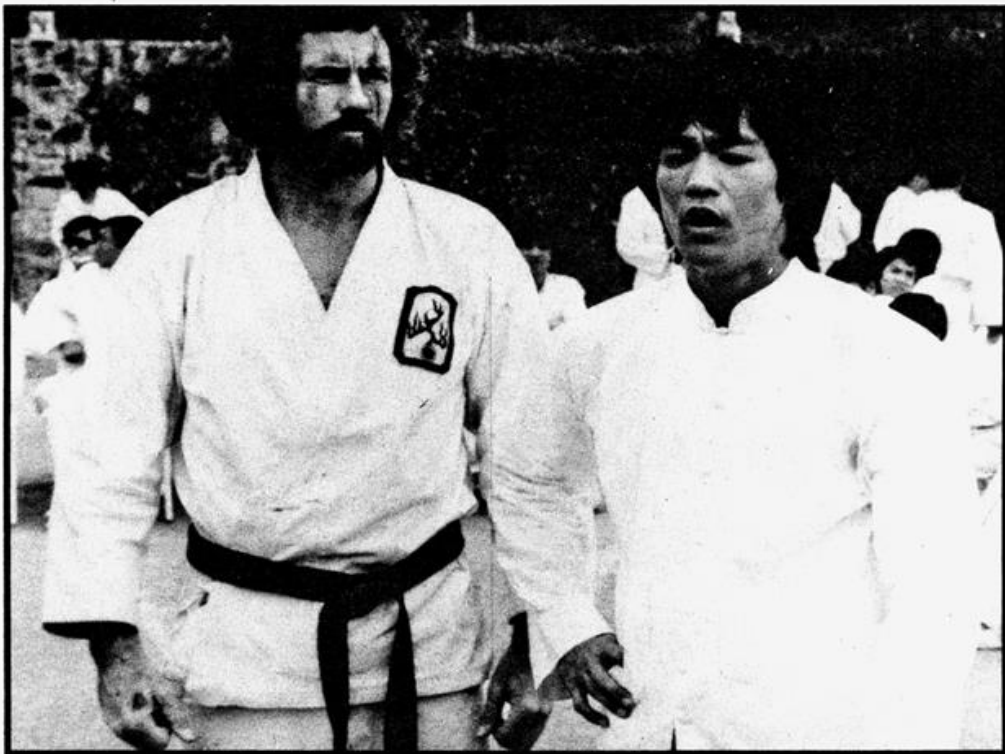
But after getting his ass whipped a couple of times, Lee decided other measures were in order, and he embarked upon a study of gung fu.

He was a natural, quickly mastering the Wing Chun style which he’d taken up. By the time Lee moved to San Francisco in 1958, he’d become a martial-arts fanatic, absorbing what was most effective not only from Chinese gung fu,

but it doesn’t work. Karate is about fighting. The average karate teacher says, ‘If your opponent does so and so, then you do this.’ And while you’re remembering the so and so’s, the other guy is killing you!”

The public got a glimpse of Lee’s disavowal of traditional martial arts one afternoon when he guested on a TV talk show, along with several renowned masters of various schools of self-defense. As the show went on, each explained why his particular style was the best. Then one of the older men stood up under the bright lights and invited the other participants to push him over.

One by one they tried and failed. Finally, only Lee remained. “C’mon,” the older master jeered, pointing at Lee.



An out-of-control Lee threatened to kill his costar Bob Wall.

"Let's see you give it a try."

Lee got to his feet and walked slowly over. He looked the man up and down, and then he *punched* him in the face, knocking him flat on his back. There was a tremendous uproar in the studio. An outraged master grabbed Lee by the arm and demanded to know why he'd done such a thing.

"Because," Lee replied, "I don't push. I punch."

Despite his bad-boy attitude, Lee was developing a hefty following as a teacher. He was busy honing his own style which would be called Jeet Kune Do. Lee was determined, however, that his students not fall prey to some of the traps that he'd been caught up in. "Let it be understood," he declared, "that I have *not* invented a new style or system. My style is 'no style.' I hope to free you from bondage to styles, patterns and doctrines. Most systems of martial arts just accumulate a fancy mess which distracts them from the actual reality of combat, which is simple and direct."

Lee was fond of using an analogy about a sculptor chipping away at the unessentials until he ultimately achieves perfection. "That's fine," says karate champ Ed Parker, "but the problem was that most people just didn't have Bruce's natural ability. They could chip away all day long and *never* get to where he was."

It was at Parker's 1964 tournament in Long Beach, California, that things really started popping for Lee. "He was a cocky little sonofabitch," Parker re-

members, "but he had a right to be. He was *good*, man."

At the tournament Lee demonstrated his famous "one-inch punch," in which he'd send an opponent flying through the air after delivering a blow with seemingly no windup whatsoever. He was the hit of the tournament.

It wasn't long afterward that Lee began palling around with the likes of Steve McQueen, Roman Polanski, James Coburn and writer Sterling Silliphant, all of whom he was teaching (to the tune of \$250-plus per hour). Shortly after a move to L.A. he began landing bit parts in shows like "Here Come the Brides," "Ironside" and "Blondie." Then came the costarring role as Kato, the karate-chopping sidekick of Van Williams in "The Green Hornet."

Again, Lee was outspoken in his irreverence. "The only reason I got the role [of Kato]" he said, "is because I was the only Chinaman in Hollywood who could pronounce the name Brit Reed [Williams's character on the show]. Otherwise I'd have been just another Chink."

Following "The Green Hornet" Lee landed a key role in the "Longstreet" TV series. In the first episode, entitled "Way of the Intercepting Fist," Lee expounds his philosophy to the blind detective (played by James Franciscus) who he's teaching to fight. "Like most people, you want to win," Lee says, "but first you must learn to accept defeat."

The show was a huge hit. Warners

was supposedly considering Lee for the starring role in the forthcoming "Kung Fu" series, but, ultimately, David Caradine landed the part. Lee was pissed. He *had* been just another Chink as far as the studio heads were concerned. So Lee took off for Hong Kong to star in a series of three pictures for Mandarin film mogul Raymond Chow.

What happened next is the stuff of fairy tales. With the release of Lee's first film, *The Big Boss* (released here as *Fists of Fury*), he became a star in the Orient. His next two films catapulted him to superstardom. Lee's asking price zoomed to \$1 million per film.

Back in America Lee was busy working on *The Silent Flute*, an idea he was developing with James Coburn and Stirling Silliphant. Meanwhile, he was being deluged with offers from the likes of Dino de Laurentiis. But he'd already signed with Warners to do *Enter the Dragon*. Nobody had any idea at the time that the film would be a blockbuster (it's grossed over \$100 million to date), but Lee was prescient. He could smell success. "This film should do for me what the spaghetti westerns did for Clint Eastwood," he said. Success, superstardom—that was the goal, the all-consuming obsession. There was nothing that was going to get in Lee's way.

By the time *Enter the Dragon* began shooting in Hong Kong, Lee's ego was in full throttle. He was terrorizing everybody on the set. Writer Michael Allin was the first victim. Lee didn't think screenwriters had any business being on location, so he told the producers to have Allin sent back to the United States. When they didn't comply Lee threw a tantrum and walked off the set, only one of many times he'd repeat the same stunt.

He was also becoming a bully. He seemed fond of smashing photographers' cameras and slapping reporters around whenever something was written about him that he didn't like.

Of course, there was the inevitable challenge to Lee's fighting prowess. All of the young up-and-comers wanted to have a go at him. It was simply the code of the old West, the "top gun" mentality at work. Lee's usual response was to walk away from such challenges. But not now. When an extra on the set told Lee that he didn't look so tough, Lee promptly broke his nose for him.

Then there's the much-touted incident with Bob Wall, who played Lee's nemesis, O'Harra, in *Enter the Dragon*. In the film's key fight scene Lee has to

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"RISE AND FALL OF AN AMERICAN GUITAR HERO"

During the mid-'60s nobody played the guitar better than Michael Bloomfield. And after that period no guitarist played without having been strongly influenced by his virtuosic musicianship. But that's only half his story.
by Ed Ward

"I started playing the guitar when I was thirteen years old, and I was very bad for two or three years, and when I was about fifteen and a half, I got great." It was with this characteristically immodest statement that Michael Bloomfield started telling me his life's story when I interviewed him in '74. It's the sort of statement that one takes with the proverbial grain of salt, except, in this case, he just happened to be telling the truth.

Michael started performing publicly with "crazy bands with clarinets, polka bands," and the like. He would play anywhere people would let him, and he would try to see as many other guitar players as he could. "When I was fourteen," he told *Guitar Player's* Tom Wheeler, "I went down with a friend of mine to hear Muddy Waters, and we took a bus, a train and then another train to the club. Two little kids goin' down there to a funky bar and they wouldn't let us in. So we just stood outside and listened."

Michael's playing would be done on the North Side, in rock 'n' roll bands playing Top-40 hits and wearing uniforms while the all-white crowd jitterbugged on the floor. But his hanging out—every moment he could spare away from paying gigs—was done on the South Side. "I'd be hanging out down there to learn," he recalled. "I would go down there thinking I was really hot stuff, 'cause I had some fast fingers and I'd play licks. All I had was that speed and some brass Jewboy confidence, and I'd go down there and I couldn't tell why my music was different. Why couldn't I sound like them other cats sounded?"

The more Michael saw the more he learned, and the more he learned the

better he thought he was. By the time he was 16, school had fallen by the wayside. He was studying life, out on the road with dinky rock 'n' roll show bands, and hanging out on the South Side. Discovering that nearly every one of the idols he had heard on the radio was playing in the same city he lived in opened the floodgates, and he took in as much as he could.

"Man, I heard Elmore James. I heard Sonny Boy Williamson, Little Walter, Howlin' Wolf, Mighty Joe Young, Freddy King, Albert King, Lowell Fulson, J. B. Hutto, Jimmy Rogers, Eddie Taylor, Otis Spann. Oh, it was endless."

It was some recording now lost to history that was to lift Michael out of the bars of Chicago and into the national spotlight.

"Somebody brought me a record by a terrible vocalist," is how John Hammond (the legendary record executive who was the first to record Count Basie, Charlie Christian, Billie Holiday, Aretha Franklin, Bob Dylan and Bruce Springsteen, to name a few) remembers it. "And I said, 'Who in God's name is the guitar in the background?' And this person said, 'Oh, it's nobody you'd be interested in, just some sixteen-year-old kid named Mike Bloomfield.' And I took the plane to Chicago that night."

"I went to see him way the hell out to North Chicago, Winnetka, somewhere. I heard him that night with a not too terribly good group, and then, a couple of days later, I got him into a studio, and it was utter chaos. He had absolutely no idea how to run a session. And since rock is not my field, I was not the greatest help I could have been, but I got Epic to sign Mike right away."

Norman Dayron says that he and a friend from the advertising business, Joel Harlib, produced the session, and, according to Michael, the band, dubbed "The Group," was basically the one that Dayron called "The Incompetents." An album's worth of material was cut, and Michael apparently thought that it was going to be released with much fanfare. Hammond didn't seem to be thinking of that. He viewed it as a demo session, or else he would have flown the group to New York to cut in one of CBS's legendary studios instead of what he characterized as "a dreadful Chicago studio, the worst studio, probably, in the country, at WBBM."

Michael always maintained that if the Group's album had come out quickly enough, it would have beaten the Rolling Stones. Hammond is dry on the subject, and probably more realistic. "He could not have competed with the Rolling Stones. He was no Mick Jagger, but he was a hell of a guitar player."

If Michael felt any disappointment or hurt because of his failure to head straight to the big time, he swallowed it. He did, after all, have a contract with Epic Records, which was nothing to sneer at, and a deal whereby they would help him place any songs he wrote. So he bided his time, working at Big John's, and noticed that Paul Butterfield, a musician he didn't particularly care for, was coming to sit in more and more. Their personal antipathy didn't translate into music because they sounded good together. Crowds came as never before. Michael took stock of the situation and decided that he had built Big John's up from nothing, turned it into a scene and focused so much attention on it that he was attracting the likes of John



An ebullient Michael Bloomfield serenades Paul Butterfield during an early session of the Butterfield Blues Band.

Hammond to Chicago. So one day he went in to ask for a raise.

The next night the Paul Butterfield Band, featuring Elvin Bishop on guitar, became the house band.

Nobody who could play guitar like Michael Bloomfield would be without a job for very long, and after Big John's his band found a regular gig at another bar, Magoo's. The Magoo's band was a six-piece with Charlie Musselwhite, Nick Gravenites, a piano player named Brian Friedman and a couple of other musicians.

The fact was, Michael's future wasn't in the clubs. One night Butterfield came by Magoo's with Paul Rothchild, a New Yorker who worked for Elektra Records, which, until then, had been primarily a high-quality folk-music label. Butterfield had just signed a record contract with Elektra, becoming their first electric act, and Rothchild was going to produce it. One of the tunes they were planning to record needed a slide guitarist and Elvin Bishop didn't play that style, so Butterfield decided to show Rothchild what Bloomfield could do. Rothchild was impressed.

If Michael was taken aback when his old rival asked him to join the band and come to New York to make a record, he never admitted it, although Nick Gravenites says that he was very nervous and begged some of his Chicago buddies to come along for support, which, of course, they were happy to do.

And there was another thing, too. The Butterfield Band was going to go to the Newport Folk Festival to play, a signal honor during the height of the national folk craze. It would expose the band to the folk cognoscenti, get them lots of press coverage and, of course,



Photographs courtesy CBS Records

introduced by folklorist Alan Lomax. Nick Gravenites remembers it as a very condescending introduction. "It was kind of, well, 'We've got these white guys from Chicago and they say they play blues. Well, let's call 'em up here and see if they can really do it.'" They could do it, even though they weren't all "white guys." Bassist Jerome Arnold and drummer Sam Lay were black (and veterans of the Howlin' Wolf band, at that). And, although they played their collective asses off, Gravenites describes it as "a mixed reception. It was just ingrained in the people in that audience, the years and years of controversy over whites playing blues. Not folk-style blues—*serious* blues."

Years later Michael was still angry about what had happened at Newport. "What we played," he told Tom Yates, "was music that was entirely indigenous to the neighborhood, to the city that we grew up in. There was no doubt in my mind that this was folk music; this was what I heard on the streets of my city, out the windows, on radio stations and jukeboxes in Chicago and all throughout the South, and it was what people listened to. And that's what folk art meant to me—what people listened to."

"Lomax implied in his introduction that this was how low Newport had sunk, bringing an act like this onto the stage, and our manager, Albert Grossman, said, 'How can you give these guys this type of introduction? This is really out of line. You're a real prick to do this.' They got into a fistfight—these two elderly guys—right there in front of the stage, rolling in the dirt while we were playing, and I was screaming, 'Kick his ass, Albert! Stomp 'im!' There was bad blood rising, you could tell."

(It was like Michael to zero in on the element of hypocrisy, on the way folkies recast American music in their own image. He remembered a Newport appearance by Lightnin' Hopkins, who came to the festival site in a Cadillac, wearing a mohair suit, shades and processed hair, and then changed into overalls and bare feet and didn't plug in the amplified acoustic guitar he used in his regular shows for his friends in the Third Ward of Houston.)

"The real shit hit the fan later that night," says Nick Gravenites, "when Dylan played electric and Butterfield backed him up." An understatement, to be sure.

The Paul Butterfield Blues Band hit the record stores in October of 1965. The very opening lines of the record, Nick

Gravenites's "Born in Chicago," knocked the listener for a loop from which he would not recover until the album ended. The lyrics went to the core of the toughness Michael had sought since adolescence, and spoke to thousands of those who had had the urban experience or wanted it in words of realism and caution. "I was born in Chicago/19 and 41/My father told me/Son you had better get a gun."

All of this was delivered against a hard electric background totally unlike anything the folk or the rock 'n' roll audience had ever heard. It was a shocker. It even had a boxed reminder on the back cover: "We suggest that you play this record at the highest possible volume in order to fully appreciate the sound of the Paul Butterfield Blues Band."

The response was phenomenal, if not in sales, then in the controversy it engendered in the press and among musicians. Julius Lester, a respected black journalist of the time, attacked the record savagely, which infuriated Bloomfield. "He said it was just a watered-down version of the blues," Michael steamed to Dan McCloskey. "I made a point of meeting him next time I was in New York, and explaining to him how many gigs I'd played with black guys, how many had taken me in as a friend. I was enraged, furious, because I'd paid plenty of dues, man, and I had a great respect for my talents and Paul's talents, and he just wasn't telling the truth."

And it's true that for the first time in the history of popular music, the white kids who'd appropriated a black form were actively promoting the black artists whose music they played. The liner notes, by respected Chicago jazz critic Pete Welding, bent over backwards to state, "So individual and fully assimilated is his approach that, listening to him sing and play, the question of his aping Negro style or specific Negro artists never arises." The originators are named; they are given credit for their music right where anybody can see them. And, at the time, all of the classic Chess albums they made were available for any of the fans who wanted to go and buy them. A lot of us did just that, and discovered for ourselves the dark sensuality of Muddy Waters's music, the astonishing harmonica styles of Little Walter and Sonny Boy Williamson and the bawdy good times of Howlin' Wolf.

There were no radio stations to play this music when it appeared, no way for much of its intended audience to

sell the hell out of the band's album.

The Paul Butterfield Blues Band was slated for an afternoon set, and there was considerable excitement in the crowd, because the word was out that this was the new discovery of the label that had brought them Judy Collins and Phil Ochs, two of the better city-folk performers. There was also a rumor going around that Dylan's manager, Albert Grossman, was interested in managing it. So even though the band didn't have a prime evening slot, there were plenty of people waiting to see it.

It didn't start auspiciously. They were

check it out, but the word spread slowly. The Butterfield album became a symbol, among folkies, of having crossed a Rubicon that said, "I accept America's music as it is, not as it is interpreted for me." Michael Bloomfield became the name on everybody's lips. How did he play guitar like that? We waited for the band to tour.

When Dylan heard that Bloomfield was working with Butterfield's band, he knew who would be backing him up at Newport. And when it came time to cut his next album, his first all-electric album, he picked up the phone and called Michael. "I don't know where he got my number," Michael confessed, "but he said, 'I'm making a record. Do you want to play on it?' And I said, 'Sure,' and flew to New York. I didn't even have a guitar case, just a Telecaster and a little overnight bag."

Michael's destination was not Dylan's famous townhouse on 4th Street (of "Positively 4th Street" fame), but, rather, the singer/songwriter's hideaway in Woodstock. There, Dylan confronted him with only one rule. "I don't want any of that B. B. King shit," he told Michael. So Bloomfield sat, hearing Dylan reel off song after song, and tried to figure out guitar lines that weren't too bluesy to go along with them.

"I was in Dylan's house for about three days, learning the songs," Michael told me. "I had no identification with the material at all. I mean, I had never heard music like this before. When the '60s came and Dick Clark stopped doing his whole thing, I stopped. By the time we cut the album in 1965, I was into the Beatles, and real into the Stones, but I had no professional session experience, and my ideas about what rock 'n' roll was were pretty unformed."

But at the end of their rehearsals, it was time to go to New York to Columbia's studios and cut the album. By every eyewitness account, this was one of the weirdest sessions in recording history. To begin with, the musicians were mostly the top session-men in New York, guys who cut hit rock 'n' roll pop records in their sleep. Only this time they were at the whim of a young weirdo who wrote long, abstract songs that even *he* didn't seem to understand. Al Kooper, whose long string of session credits included everyone from the Royal Teens to Gary Lewis and the Playboys, was going to be the guitar player.

"I'd been brought in to play guitar, but this Bloomfield walked in, Stratocaster not even in a case, winter outside. The guitar was wet; he wipes it off

with a pillowcase or something; plugs it in; and starts to play," Kooper remembers. "I said, 'Well, I'm not playing any guitar on *this* session,' and I packed my guitar up. I moved over to the organ. I couldn't even hear myself, but I had an idea of which chords to play."

Michael amplified the confusion in his interview with me. "Bob would start singing the songs," he said, "and we'd start fitting the music around him. The producer, the arranger, they had no function, and terrible things were happening, like Dylan was singing songs that were ten minutes long eight times. How could anybody be expected to sing 'Desolation Row' eight times? That's a long fuckin' song, man! And we were trying to figure out some grooves that fit, some concept... There was no game plan! The day before, he was still writing the songs! Nobody said what we were going to play, nobody suggested this or that. If anybody had an idea for a sound, it was Al Kooper, and he and I were the low men on the rung. How that record wound up sounding as good as it did was a direct reflection of how good the songs were. Man, the cycle of chord changes that he introduced, that became so widely imitated and used—those were the chord changes that later became 'When a Man Loves a Woman,' and 'Whiter Shade of Pale.' I think Dylan and Albert [Grossman] wound up mixing it, and that's where the sound came from."

It is probably characteristic of Michael that he pretended, not only never to remember the title of the album that assured him a place in the center of rock 'n' roll history (he called it "That Highway 51 record, or whatever"), but also that he didn't like it. "I don't think any of it's any good," he told Tom Yates, "except maybe 'Like a Rolling Stone' and 'Desolation Row.'"

The session over, Michael was approached by Albert Grossman, who had taken over management of the Paul Butterfield Blues Band. Dylan wanted Bloomfield in his touring band, and Butterfield wanted him too. Grossman presented him with the choice and, according to Michael, it didn't take much agony to make it.

"With Bob I'd have had no identity," he told me. "I didn't even know that. All I knew was that I didn't understand what was happening. At the same time I was also offered a gig to be the guitar player on 'Shindig.' Jimmy Burton took it. I didn't want to do that either. The producer of the show was a guy named Jack Good, who'd come to Chicago, and he was an Englishman and a

blackophile and really dug hanging out at blues bars with me. But I couldn't imagine going to Hollywood and doing that thing, either. So I told Albert, 'Man, I'm a blues man. I'll go with Butterfield.' And I played with Butter and didn't play with Dylan, and we were cookin.' We wailed from then on."

Life on the road was different than it is today. "It was right at the point before they started getting crazy with the money," Paul Butterfield remembers, "and before it got into that whole superstar thing. We were out there, very honestly, just working hard playing. We were very into the music, not so much into the Hollywood of it all. I think that protected us in a certain way, that naivete or something." Certainly doing all your own equipment work and driving your own van to play for \$1,500 to \$2,000 a night would tend to shrink a swelled head.

The Butterfield Band was a draw, an attraction, and they spent as much time as they could touring a circuit that started on the East Coast, hit Detroit and Chicago (of course), and then went to the West Coast. That was a very important move.

"I remember I moved out here at the beginning of the hippie boom," Nick Gravenites recalls. "None of the shows Bill Graham put on were really serious until the Butterfield Band showed up, because they were the hotshots from the East, people who were already accomplished electric musicians. Most of the hippie bands that were playing in this area were the result of a lot of acid and not too much expertise. So when the Butterfield Band came it became real evident that these people were just children, learning how to twang. The Butterfield guys had been playing this shit for years on records and stuff, and they could really play it. It showed them the way—here's what's happening, here's what's possible. Work at it, apply your musicianship and practice, and you can do this."

Something else was brewing in the band that would also influence the hippies. "I remember one time in Cambridge, Michael had been given something that was represented as 'Leary acid,'" Mark Naftalin says, "and he took it and spent the entire evening listening to Indian music. The next day he said its secrets had been revealed to him, and the next thing that we knew, the improvisatory mold that came to be known as 'East-West' started to be played."

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HOORAY FOR HOLLYWEED



Our favorite movies are in super-duper 8.





REAL

LET THERE BE HALIDES?

Then again, maybe high-pressure sodium lamps are more to your liking. Or fluorescents. And what about ultraviolet light, can it really help boost the potency of your crop? This month Ed lights up your garden.

Dear Ed,

If I were to powder down some vitamin and mineral tablets and mix them with my plants' water, would it harm them?

—Name withheld
Corpus Christi, Tex.

Some of the vitamins and minerals which are water-soluble would be absorbed by the plants and that will affect their growth. For instance, Vitamin B₁ is a rooting growth stimulant included in rooting solutions and powders. Some vitamins may break down in the water or not pass through the root barrier into the plant. I haven't heard of vitamins hurting the plants. Many of the minerals—iron, zinc, manganese, copper and others—will also be used by the plants.

Perhaps you could do an experiment for us. Treat two twin-clone plants exactly the same, except give one of them vitamins and the other not. We'll be expecting your report in about four or five months.

Dear Ed,

I am having a hard time interpreting all the recent literature about the role of ultraviolet light in the production of THC in cannabis. Some authors say UV radiation is nonessential, even detrimental to the production of good marijuana. But recently I read in HIGH TIMES that growers who cultivate cannabis under non-UV-

emitting lights produce stoneless weed.

I grow my dope in a closet under two forty-watt fluorescent tubes. I have grown two crops, one using a Sears "standard" "Easygrow" and a Sylvania "wide spectrum" tube. The sinse buds I produced were beautiful, but I don't think it was as strong as the commercial weed available around here. My brother told me it looked like ninety-dollar weed, but smoked like fifty-dollar weed. I got the seeds from a fairly decent sixty-five-dollar bag.

This year I am using different seeds and

have replaced the standard tube with a Duro-Lite "power twist" Vita-Lite which emits some UV. Is this likely to make any difference in the quality of dope I harvest? And if I get a harvest of less-than-killer-weed, how can I tell whether the problem was genetic or environmental? Finally, what kind of fluorescent tubes emit the necessary bands of UV radiation?

—Grower X
Whereabouts unknown

Ultraviolet light is the bands of light

Garden of the Month: Sinsemilla Colombian and Thai plant with one palm. This is a picture from early in the season, before budding. By P., Laytonville, Calif.



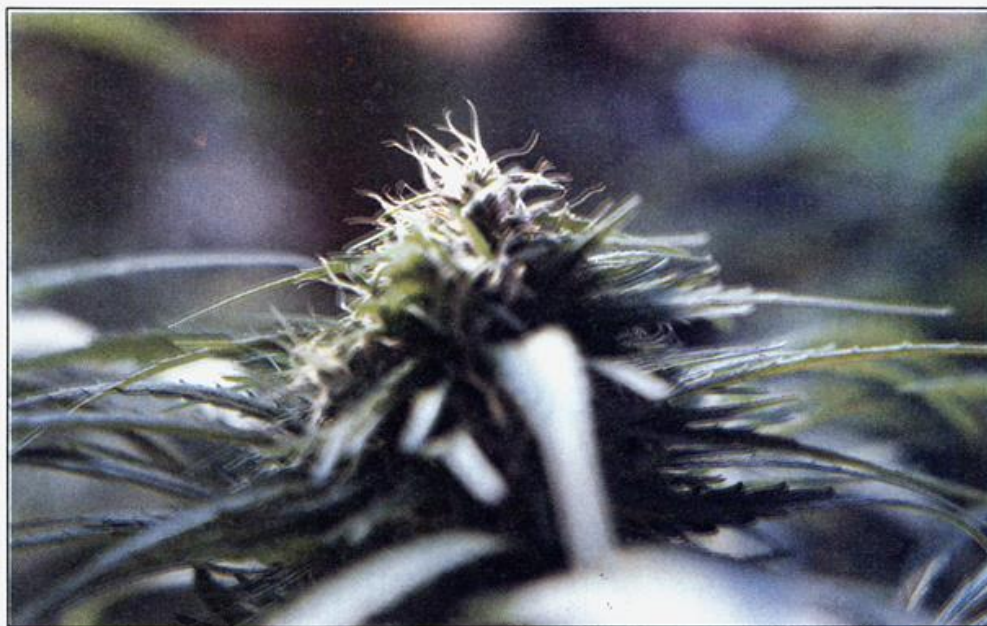
Any photographs submitted to "Ask Ed" become the property of the publisher.

found between 300 and 400 nanometers. It is invisible to the human eye, but it is the spectrum of light that affects our pigments and causes us to tan. It affects plants in various ways, too. Apples will not redden without UV and some plants use this spectrum to regulate various functions. To my knowledge there have been no valid controlled experiments on the effects of UV on marijuana.

Marijuana can be grown successfully without UV light. Many people have grown plants in glass greenhouses, which filter out the UV spectrum. Most fluorescent tubes do not emit UV light and growers have used them with no problem. The plants can definitely metabolize THC even without the light, but the question of whether UV affects THC production has never been answered.

Most grow tubes emit significant quantities of UV light, but with a smaller total quality of light in all spectrums, including the red and blue bands to which plants are most sensitive. Plants grown under fluorescent lights would do better by using a combination of standard spectrum tubes such as cool white, warm white or daylight. The Vita-Lites produce a spectrum of light

Plant of the Month from J & L in Wisc.: "I grew this plant on a hillside not far from the Mississippi River in central Wisconsin. Look out, though, the picture may be radioactive. The Genoa Atomic Power Plant is just three miles as the crow (and radioactivity) flies. The plant didn't come in until Oct. 10, but it was fine."



Bud of the Month from Anonymous, USA: "This picture was taken in the late afternoon and I could feel the energy that the bud absorbed from sitting in the sun all day. Needless to say, this was pretty powerful, with a real high high!"

balanced to match the sun's and are also very good for growing. Duro-Lite also manufactures the "Optima" fluorescent tube which duplicates the Vita-Lite except that it contains no UV. One could easily experiment with the effects of UV light by using two separate growrooms, each totally illuminated by either Vita-Lites or Optimas. If the seed from the same batch or clones were used, and all other conditions remained the same, the differences in growth between UV and non-UV environment could be analyzed.

If you grew healthy plants, which you seem to from the tone of your letter, then the main factor affecting their potency is their genetic background. Some equatorial varieties will not reach their full potential due to inadequate quantities of light available in an artificially lit garden. The quantity of light could be increased in several ways. First, you could add some more fluorescents. This would help your plants fill out and have tighter buds. A small tungsten-halogen or low-pressure sodium lamp which is very efficient in light production could also be added. Finally, you could replace the fluorescents with a 400-watt metal halide lamp. This would increase the growth rate exponentially and would also supply the plants with UV light.

When working around lamps that emit UV, always wear glass sunglasses which filter it out, since UV light can be harmful to your eyes.

Dear Ed,

I am currently attempting to pencil out the costs of establishing an indoor hydroponic vegetable garden. I am frustrated that I cannot find consistent information concerning indoor grow lights and their relationship to square footage adequately covered for maximum growth.

I know that there are several kinds of light sources I can use (fluorescent, metal halide and sodium vapor) which offer various wattages, lumens and color spectrums. This further complicates my calculations.

Could you offer some guidelines to aid me in determining how many lights and of what type and wattage would be required for a given growing area?

Any assistance you may render will be greatly appreciated.

—J.D.

University Heights, Ohio

Fluorescent lights were the main source of illumination for indoor victory gardens for over a decade. They provide a relatively even light which is distributed over the tube's entire length (excepting a 6-inch dead spot at either end of the tube). The tubes used between 9 and 10 watts per linear foot and emit about 8,000–8,400 lumens of light per 100 watts depending on the spectrum of the tube. Grow tubes emit considerably less, about 5,500–6,000 per 100 watts and are less effective than the standard tubes. Fluorescents support good vegeta-

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BILL HALEY: THE DADDY OF ROCK 'N' ROLL

They thought only "idiots" were attracted to it. They said it caused violence, race riots and unwanted pregnancies. They talked about banning it. No, not pot. Rock 'n' roll. And Bill Haley was one of its patriarchs.

Excerpted from Bill Haley © Copyright 1982 by John Swenson. Used by permission from Stein and Day, New York.

John Swenson, our music editor, recently published the first comprehensive biography of Bill Haley, the legendary daddy of rock 'n' roll. This excerpt relates Haley's early rise to fame and the inevitable backlash against the new musical form by the inevitable forces of reaction and repression.

As 1955 ended, rock 'n' roll had become a household word and Haley and the Comets were its best-known practitioners. Haley would continue to pace the music's popularity in the United States during the following year. At that point he was still a highly respected musician—he was voted Rhythm and Blues Personality of the Year by *Downbeat* magazine's readers, scoring over Joe Williams, Joe Turner, Dinah Washington and Ruth Brown.

The new Comets had made a series of particularly strong recordings, beginning with "R.O.C.K.," a celebration of the music and their place in it. Haley gives a brief nonsense definition of rock, then traces musical history from Strauss waltzes to W.C. Handy blues, concluding "Then Haley came along with a rockin' song" to which the band choruses "Crazy man, crazy."

Pompilli's influence on the Comets came through dramatically on the next record, "The Saints Rock 'n' Roll," which used Rudy's hot blues riffs more thoroughly in the arrangement than ever. Sax was pretty much a gimmick sound in the band before that, but Pompilli blew an incredibly hot chorus solo.

It was "See You Later, Alligator" that



Haley at his beach headquarters in Wildwood, New Jersey.

cemented Haley's reputation with the public. The record, which opens with Beecher's high-pitched stage voice saying the phrase, was probably the best example of the familiar phrase formula at work. The record sold a million copies in a single month and people who wouldn't admit to being rock 'n' roll fans found themselves answering "After a while, crocodile."

One week in March of 1956 Bill Haley and the Comets recorded some of their finest work. The first of three sessions during that time, on March 23, yielded the instrumental masterpiece "Rudy's Rock," which was the high point of the *Rock around the Clock* film. The song is

a hard-driving vehicle for the best extended blowing session Pompilli got with the Comets.

"Goofin' Around" is one long, tremendous guitar solo from Frank Beecher, phrased over a spirited backing track. "Hide and Seek" reworked the popular song "The Hucklebuck" cleverly, with an excellent R&B-style vocal by Billy Williamson and good solos from Pompilli and Beecher. "Hey Then, There Now" is a vocal trio tune with accordion-backing very similar to some of the western-swing numbers done by the Saddlemen. "Tonight's the Night," which features beautiful guitar accompaniment throughout, is notable for the dual

guitar-saxophone solo and a sophisticated arrangement that utilizes the jazz background of some of the players. "Hook, Line and Sinkers" is a throw-away novelty tune distinguished only by good guitar and sax solos.

Four days later the band did it again. "Blue Comet Blues" is a flat-out rocker, again with a touch of Berry in Beecher's intro, which goes on to explore the possibilities of a blues guitar solo in a rock context, one more forceful example of how far ahead of other rock guitarists Frank Beecher was, both as a theorist and a virtuoso player. "Calling All Comets," another Pompilli triumph, opens with a clarion saxophone bleating its irresistible call to the dance floor before breaking to a beautifully arranged main theme reminiscent of the Louis Jordan sound. "Choo Choo Ch' Boogie" is a great song, done here with Louis Jordan's version in mind although the rhythm track is obviously rockified.

Three days later they recorded "Hot Dog, Buddy, Buddy," a fine example of Haley's hit concept when it worked. The band is at its best, with Jones's drumming particularly on the money. Haley's voice actually cracks from the strain as he screams the title. The lyrics are about fighting, which is interesting in light of the fact that Haley kept saying that fighting had nothing to do with the music.

Another film, *Rock around the Clock*, further enhanced the reputation of Haley and the Comets. "1956 was the biggest year," recalls Ralph Jones. "Everything busted open for us, the movies, the tours, everything." *Rock around the Clock*, a glib rags-to-riches story built around a fairy-tale account of Haley's rise to the top, was B-movie producer Sam Katzman's attempt to cash in on rock 'n' roll's popularity for Columbia studios.

Katzman had created a monster. Soon the rival studios were turning out their own versions of these film vehicles for rock 'n' roll. *Rock around the Clock* featured nine of Haley's best tunes—the title track, "R.O.C.K.," "Mambo Rock," "Razzle Dazzle," "See You Later, Alligator," "ABC Boogie," "Happy Baby," "Rudy's Rock" and "Rock-a-Beatin' Boogie." The film also presented the Platters singing "Only You" and "The Great Pretender."

In the film, the reason Haley and the Comets become popular is that everywhere they go the local kids love them. In the cinema, the excited, happily

dancing audiences involved the theater-going kids in the action vicariously and turned the shows into live concerts, sometimes to the displeasure of local authorities, who banned the film in several instances.

The *Rock around the Clock* ban was part of a growing backlash against rock 'n' roll mounted by authorities who were alternately confused, angered and frightened by the phenomenon. The March 28, 1956, edition of the *New York Times* carried a story from Hartford, Connecticut, headlined ROCK & ROLL CALLED "COMMUNICABLE DISEASE." A psychiatrist named Francis J. Braceland termed it a "cannibalistic and tribalistic" sort of music. "It is insecurity and rebellion," he said, "that impels teenagers to wear 'ducktail' haircuts,



Bill Haley and his Comets

wear zoot suits and carry on boisterously at rock 'n' roll affairs." The psychiatrist was commenting on a rock riot that saw 100 fans thrown out of a local theater.

Racial tension in the United States was particularly acute at that time in the wake of the landmark Supreme Court decision of 1954 outlawing the "separate-but-equal" policy of racial segregation in the country. Antisegregationists, particularly in the South, saw rock 'n' roll as a plot to infiltrate colored music into the minds of white teenagers. Asa Carter, executive secretary of the Alabama White Citizens Committee, charged that the National Association for the Advancement of Colored

People (NAACP) was behind the plot. Carter described rock 'n' roll as the "basic heavy beat of the Negroes. It appeals to the base in man, it brings out animalism and vulgarity."

Carter went on to ask jukebox operators to destroy "immoral" records in the new rhythm, but distributors said this would mean eliminating most of their hits. Mr. Carter suggested other black records should be banned too. Roy Wilkins of the NAACP responded, "Some people in the South are blaming us for everything from measles to atomic fallouts."

Haley found himself a spokesman for rock 'n' roll as a positive force. "Rock 'n' roll does help to combat racial discrimination," he said at the time. "We have performed to mixed groups all over the country and have watched the kids sit side by side just enjoying the music while being entertained by white and Negro performers sharing the same stage."

"Despite what people might think, a lot of blood, sweat, pain, trouble, work and worry goes into all of our music. We aim our material at the teenagers because we want them to accept it, and we always try to give the people what they want. We will continue to keep doing good shows and continue to cut lyrically clean records with good danceable beats."

Nevertheless, the storm of criticism continued. Rock 'n' roll records were banned from swimming-pool jukeboxes in San Antonio, Texas, by the city council, which explained that "Its primitive beat attracted undesirable elements given to practicing their spastic gyrations in abbreviated bathing suits."

Roosevelt University sociologist S. Kirson Weinberg saw rock 'n' roll as a manifestation of the insecurities of the age. "The effect of the music," he pointed out, "is more predominant in girls."

Bandleader Meredith Wilson branded rock 'n' roll as "the music of idiots," adding, "rock 'n' roll is dull, ugly, amateurish, immature, trite, banal and stale. It glorifies the mediocre, the nasty, the bawdy, the cheap, the tasteless." He went on to make the hilarious suggestion that Mitch Miller was responsible for rock 'n' roll. "The beard did it," he fumed.

An ominous note was sounded at a House of Representatives antitrust subcommittee meeting when entertainer Billy Rose slammed BMI for promoting

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JAMES LEE AND THE ELIXIR OF LIFE

Culled from a true-life account of an 18-year sojourn through the world's most exotic environments—a description of finding God (or at least a plant that makes you feel like him) deep in the jungles of Sumatra.

James S. Lee, author of *The Underworld of the East* (London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Ltd., c. 1935), is a name generally unknown to modern drug researchers. If the following extract is anything more than a fantasy, James S. Lee deserves recognition for having made one of the most important scientific discoveries of all time: the "perfect antidote" for all psychoactive drugs.

In his book Lee describes his 18 years' adventures in "the underworlds, drug haunts and jungles of India, China and the Malay Archipelago." Toward the end of the 19th century, when he caught malaria in India, he learned how to use drugs from an educated Hindu doctor. "He told me that he used many kinds of drugs, each in turn; changing over from one to another, using them sometimes singly, and at other times in combinations, so that no one drug ever got too great a hold on him. Each time he changed over, the drug he had been using regained all its old potency and charm when commenced again."

The doctor taught him to balance the effects of morphine with those of cocaine, taking care to sterilize needles and control dosages to avoid undue strain on the heart. With this fundamental knowledge, Lee found that he could experiment with drugs all over Asia without harm to himself; and moreover, that he could reduce the balance of his drug intake and thereby go completely off drugs, including morphine, in about two weeks. This claim in itself should have made his name familiar to every drug rehabilitation counselor in the world. But as this extract shows, he went even further, and claimed to have discovered "the Elixir of Life," a plant extract brought to him in Sumatra in about 1906.

James S. Lee was an engineer, not a botanist, and never identified the elixir except as "No. 2," because it was the second batch of extracts he'd made that day. I suspect it was *Combretum sondaicum*, a plant named by Chinese opium-smokers of the same era as a cure for addiction. If so, the effects of this plant should be reinvestigated.

—Michael R. Aldrich
Curator, the Ludlow Library

I Discover the Elixir of Life

I was still having many strange plants and roots brought to me by the Malays from the interior, and I had collected many myself, but so far I had not found anything special.

I had certainly found some which might be useful. One which produced a violent perspiration, and another which would slow the heart's action, and lower the temperature—producing a sensation of cold.

Then I discovered the perfect antidote.

One evening as I was sitting on my platform or verandah facing the river, some strange native Malays arrived in a sampan. They were people belonging further inland, and they had brought me some plants and roots, in the hope that I would take them in exchange for opium.

Most of them were no use, I had had them before; but there were one or two that I decided to try.

One plant in particular I was struck with. It was a plant carrying many pods, which were full of seed.

Later on I collected the seed and boiled them for a long time.

The decoction I obtained I strained off and found to be of a dark brown color, with a strong aromatic flavor when applied to the tongue.

I next evaporated the liquor in the evaporating pan, leaving a sediment.

From this I prepared a dry powder, very concentrated in strength.

I tried a little of it on my rats, mixed in their food, and carefully took note of results.

As nothing happened which I could notice, I continued to give it to them for a few days, and then, as they seemed quite well and healthy, I took a little myself.

If you have ever experimented on yourself with some new kind of medicine from which you were hoping to get results, and waited for its first effects to appear, you will have some slight idea of my sensations.

In your case you have the knowledge that what you are taking has been tried before, and that at least you are not likely to suffer any ill effects.

In my case I was trying an unknown drug; a very small quantity it is true, but still I had no idea what its effect would be, and I was waiting, imagining all kinds of sensations.

Finally I came to the conclusion that I could not be sure that it had had any effect at all.

Next day, I took a larger dose.



Now I was sure that the drug had some effect on me, but I could not exactly define what it was. I felt different somehow; more sedate and deliberate in my thoughts and actions, perhaps, with a great calm and peaceful feeling.

The following day I took a little larger dose, about a grain of the powder, and then the effect was quite noticeable. The effect was not like morphia, because it did not produce that delightful dreamy feeling of luxurious ease, in which the imagination is extremely fertile, through a pleasant kind of haze.

Neither had it the fascinating exhilarating effect of cocaine, nor the grotesque distorting and intoxicating effect of hashish. It was unlike any other drug that I knew of. It simply produced a feeling of great vitality, the absolute perfection of mental and bodily health.

It was only after taking it on several occasions that I discovered its real properties.

It was when I decided to try it in conjunction with cocaine, and for this purpose I first injected a half-grain of the latter, and continued with one-grain doses until I was well under the influence of the drug.

Now I mixed a grain of the new drug, which I will call No. 2, and drank it.

An amazing thing happened.

In almost the time it takes a person to feel the effects of a glass of whiskey I was in a normal condition again; just as though I had never had any cocaine or any other drug.

I was just normal in every respect.

I took note of my heartbeats, my respirations and my temperature, and they were just right; also the dilation of the pupils had disappeared.

The drug had entirely nullified the effect of the cocaine. Again next day I tried it with morphia, and I found it act in the same way, although I had to take a second dose. It did not seem to have so much power over morphia.

Its effect with hashish was even more powerful and complete than with cocaine.

Since then I have tried it with wines and spirits, and even absinthe, which I used for some time in later years.

Not only would this drug remove all forms of intoxication, exhilaration and narcotic effects, but it would remove pain of most kinds. It would reduce the temperature if too hot, produce a feeling of warmth when too cold, and remove fatigue.

It seemed to have the power of bringing the bodily condition back to normal in every case, and producing a feeling of perfect happiness and content.

Of course cocaine will remove pain, if injected locally where the pain is, but the effect does not last long.

Morphia injected will make the body so comfortable that most pain will disappear, and the effect is lasting, but not permanent.

I intended to obtain more of these plants, and prepare as large a stock of this drug No. 2 as I could, putting it up in sealed bottles for future use. I did not know how long I might be in Sumatra. □

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Pitchers and shortstops don't have to worry about their batting averages. They don't get paid to hit. Outfielders do, and when they stop, they're all washed up.

The doorbell rang and Monty went to the door, opened it. It was 9 A.M. and it was Harold Sanders.

"Hi, Harry, right on time."

"They say if you can't be on time, you can't be anything."

"That's a good one. Come on in. Sit anywhere."

"How's Debra?" Harry asked, taking a seat on the sofa by the coffee table.

"She's okay, she'll be in in a minute."

The wine bottle was already there. Monty uncorked it and poured a couple.

"Some good red here, Harry, I'm sure you'll like it."

"Thanks, Monty."

They each took a drink.

Debra walked in with two large bowls, one filled with chips, the other with mixed nuts.

"Hi, Harry."

"Hi, Debra, you're looking fine."

"Thank you. Well, I guess I'll just let you boys talk."

"No, Debra," said Monty, "there's nothing you shouldn't hear. I want you to sit in. Okay, Harry?"

"Well," Harry said slowly, "okay. The organization usually handles this type of thing in the office, but we're getting to be more and more family, you know."

"I know," said Monty, "that's why I asked you over here."

"It seems more pleasant," said Harry.

"Have some crunchies," suggested Debra. She sat in a chair near the end of the coffee table. That way she could move to the kitchen easier for another bottle or whatever was needed.

Harry reached for some nuts, put them in his mouth, chewed, took a hit of the wine.

"This is great wine," he stated.

"Drink away," Monty said, "we've got plenty."

"Harry likes it too," said Debra, "that



Michael Montfort

is... off-season—"

"Well, this is off-season," said Harry. "In fact, the on-season was kind of an off-season."

"Yeah," said Monty. "Fourteen games out, that was kind of bad. And right after winning the pennant."

Harry finished his drink. "Bad, hell, it was just plain shitty."

Then he looked at Debra: "Pardon the language."

Monty refilled Harry's glass. Harry looked down into his drink. Monty finished his, poured another.

Debra wasn't drinking. She lit a cigarette, glanced at Harry.

Then Monty spoke: "Black neighborhood scare you, Harry?"

"I hope I've got wheels when I walk out of here."

"You parked in the drive?"

"You'll be okay."

"You don't have to live in this neighborhood, Monty."

"I don't mind the 'bloods.' And some day I might need the money."

"Yeah, you might."

It got quiet again. They finished their drinks and Monty refilled them.

"Maybe I ought to leave," said Debra.

"You stay, Debra. Right, Harry?"

"It's up to you."

"Yes, it is. Debra, would you please get us a new bottle?"

Debra left to go to the kitchen.

"Listen, Harry, you got anything bad to let out, let it out now."

"Nothing bad, just want to work out some details."

"There aren't any details, just facts: I got two years left on the contract at \$800,000 a year. And a no-trade clause unless I agree."

"I make \$90,000 a year. I feel like a turtle in with an elephant."

"You can bite my toes off."

"No way. Where's Feldstein?"

"I don't need him yet. I just wanted to hear what you had to say."

"Jesus Christ, Monty, I didn't come over here just to chatter, I want some sort of conclusion—"

"My say is the final say. We can conclude without Feldstein—if I like it."

Debra walked in with the new bottle. Monty put the corkscrew to it.

"Thank you, Debra," said Harry. "By the way, do you mind if I light a cigar?"

"Go ahead."

Debra had brought in a glass for herself. She pushed it toward Monty. "Give me a glass, please. I feel like I'm at a conference discussing the nukes. A world conference."

"I feel pretty much that fucking way myself, my love," said Monty.

He filled the three glasses.

"Now, where were we?"

Harry lit his cigar, inhaled, exhaled. He had on a gray suit with black stripes, very thin black stripes. Black shoes, very shiny. Pink shirt with black tie. The

pink shirt had tiny green dots on it.

"Monty, do you know what you hit last year?"

"Well, I don't remember the final average down to the exact."

"Down to the exact, it was .191."

"I hurt my ankle in June—"

"Seivers said you were standing too far from the plate and too close up. They were breaking you with the outside curve and he couldn't get you to change your stance."

"Yeah? What'd Seivers ever hit?"

"You don't have to be a great hitter to teach hitting."

"Bullshit!"

Debra finished her drink. She reached over and poured herself another.

"Monty got nineteen homers; that's high for the club—"

"But that's a fall-off of eighteen from the preceding year."

"It's still high for the team," said Debra.

"It's not an \$800,000 performance. Not with sixty-seven ribbies."

It became quiet again. They worked at their drinks. Harry puffed on his cigar. Debra fanned the air with one of her hands, then ceased. Harry drained his drink, nodded at his empty glass. "Mind if I have another?"

Monty poured him another. "Sure, white boy, anything you say."

"Now what kind of shot was that?"

"What do you mean, Harry?"

"I mean, you're giving me shit now."

"Shit, man?"

"Yeah, shit."

There was another slab of silence.

Debra left for another bottle, returned. Monty worked the corkscrew.

"I've got \$800,000 on a two-year no-trade contract, that's all I know."

He poured the drinks.

Harry lifted his drink, took a hit, then, holding the glass in midair, he noticed

something, something on the far wall. Still holding his drink up while crushing out his cigar in the ashtray, he said, "Say, that's good... that painting... What is it?... a duck walking upside down over a waterfall? I like it."

Then he moved the glass toward himself and finished it.

"That's Debra's," said Monty. "She paints."

Harry looked at Debra.

"God, that's good, it really is."

"Thank you."

"Listen, I'd like to smoke another cigar. Okay, Debra?"

"Is that why you did that bit about the painting? To soften me up for the cigar?"

"No, Debra, they are unrelated."

"All right, I'll bear up."

"Thanks."

Harry unwrapped a new cigar, bit off the end.

"I always like to stand up close," said Monty. "I like to get as near to that pitcher as I can. It's my way."

"Things change," Harry said, lighting up. "You're thirty-five now, Monty, you've lost some of your eye. You need that extra fraction to see it coming."

"Bullshit."

".191, Monty. The figures speak."

"Do you have to keep saying .191? You're getting monotonous."

"Yeah, and through all that stinking smoke," said Debra.

"This is business, Debra. There's nothing more monotonous than a guy getting less than two hits in ten at-bats with an \$800,000 salary being watched by forty thousand people whose average salary is \$9,970."

Monty drained his drink.

"Harry, you're leaning on me too much, you're leaning too heavy."

"What do you mean?"

"I just had an off-season. Everybody has their lulls—"

"You're thirty-five, Monty. When one lulls at thirty-five in the world of sports, suspicion sets in—"

"Fuck you, Harry," said Monty.

"Why do you keep bad-mouthing my old man?" Debra asked.

"I thought he was bad-mouthing me. Maybe I better go."

"No, stay," said Monty, "let's talk this thing out. You came here with something in mind. Now I want to hear it."

"It's all so ugly," said Harry, "I don't like it. I don't like my job. But it's all I know."

"What're you trying to say?" Monty asked.

"Another drink, please."

Monty poured it.

Harry looked at Debra.

"I really liked your painting. That has nothing to do with anything else."

Then he picked up his drink, drained half, set it down.

He looked at Monty.

"I guess what I am is just a messenger boy from the front office. And they gave me the message—"

"All I know," said Monty, "is that I've got \$800,000 coming to me for the next two years, no matter what. Feldstein knows that. Debra knows that. You know that. And, that's it."

"Well, not exactly."

"Not exactly? Well, what's the problem?"

"The problem is that .191 you came up with last season."

"You say that number one more time and I'm going to slap you around just a bit."

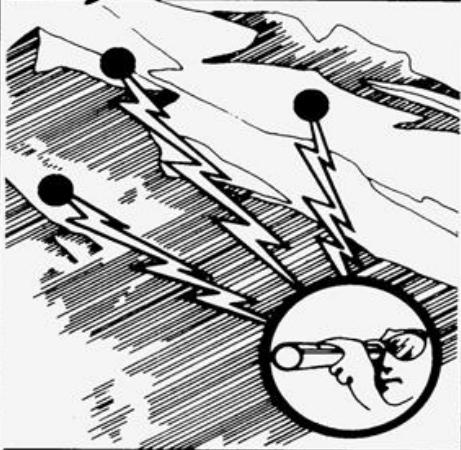
"I'll make sure not to."

"You do that."

"I hate my job, I really do."

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/ continued from previous page

"We're not interested in what you hate. We already have an idea on that," Monty said.

"Can't we keep the racial shit out of this?"

"It's always been there. Why should it stop?"

"Maybe you're right."

Monty poured new drinks. Harry ground his cigar out.

"No more cigars," said Debra.

"Okay."

Harry took a hit of his drink.

"Well?" asked Monty.

"Oh, man," Harry sighed. "Well, it's like this. If you play for us next year, you can't play regular. It's in the new plan. You will only be D.H. against left-hand pitchers, or a pinch-hit role. I'm sorry, but among other things, they say you can't make that throw from right field anymore."

"Is that right?" Monty asked.

"That's what they tell me."

Monty laughed.

"Shit, they don't have to play me at all. As long as I suit up and am available I draw my \$800,000."

"You're right."

"There's no way they are going to fuck me out of that."

"No."

"So, is that all you've got to say?"

"Well, no—"

"Okay," said Monty, "tell us the rest, let's hear it."

"Yeah, let's hear it," said Debra.

"Ah, well," said Harry, "it's like this. We've worked out a possible trade with Oakland."

"Oakland?" asked Monty.

"Oakland?" asked Debra.

"You going to buy out the no-trade clause?" asked Monty. "What are you offering?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? No fucking way!"

"Jesus, wait," said Harry. "Give me a refill, okay?"

Monty filled his glass. Harry stared down into it, took a hit and set it back down.

"And don't give us any crap about my painting," Debra said.

Harry looked at Monty.

"All right, now, listen."

"Yeah, I'm listening."

"Okay. Well, you see, with Oakland you are guaranteed to play regular, every day, you know. You're reaching some lifetime figures that put you right there with the best of them. By playing every day you can get right up there with them. It's your chance."

"Hmmm," said Monty. "Who would

they be getting for me in trade?"

"Two minor leaguers, to be named later."

"What? Is that all the club thinks I'm worth?"

"No, it's just that they are trying to unload your salary, I'll be honest with you."

Monty picked up his drink, drained it off. He looked at Harry.

"What do you think I'm worth?"

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean."

"Yeah," said Debra.

"Well, that kind of thing just isn't in my jurisdiction. Like I said, I'm kind of a messenger boy."

"But supposing it were in your jurisdiction?" asked Monty.

"Yeah, supposing it were?" Debra asked. "What would you think?"

"You mean in terms of yearly salary?"

"Yeah," said Monty.

"Well, hell, I don't know—"

"Give it a shot."

Harry thought about it awhile, seriously.

Then he said, "Well, \$200,000."

"Two hundred thousand?" asked Monty.

"Well, yeah, around that."

"Get your ass out of my house!"

"What?"

"I mean now!"

"Before worse things happen," said Debra.

Harry stood up.

"Okay, I'm leaving—"

"And don't be leisurely about it," said Monty. "When I say *leave*, I mean *leave now!*"

Harry walked to the door. Monty and Debra followed behind him. He opened the door, closed it. Then he was outside. They had remained in the house. His car was still in the drive. He got in, started it, backed out of the drive. He made it on out, swung around, went left toward the freeway.

He would have been better off talking to Feldstein. That's what you get when you try to go to the people. You get a big dick up your ass. That's all you get.

When he got on the freeway he smoothed right into traffic. He drove with one hand while he unwrapped the cigar with the other, with the aid of a little tooth work. Then he bit off the end, jammed it into his mouth and applied the lighter. What a nothing night. And the worst thing of all, he hated baseball. What a dog's game, what a celebration for eunuchs. Harry pressed down on the accelerator and moved toward the moon. □

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SPRIG OF THE MONTH



NAME: Cannabis Sativa-Indica

COLAS: Pungent

STEMS: Husky

SEEDS: None

HEIGHT: 14 3/4 inches long (manicured)

WEIGHT: 21.35 grams (dry)

BIRTH SIGN: Virgo

BIRTHPLACE: Kilauea Volcano, Hawaii

AMBITIONS: To knock that Humboldt skunkweed off the market, coast to coast

TURN-ONS: Sunshine, Much much water, Ra-pid-Gro

TURN-OFFS: White Mites, Seer, the heat, rip-offs, fungi, 1,1' dimethyl-4, 4'-dipyridinium dichloride

FAVORITE MOVIES: Reefer Madness, G Ask Alice, Up in Smoke

FAVORITE FOODS: Fast Guano, Worm Castings, Nitrogen, Potassium, Bone meal, Ortho-up-start

FAVORITE PLACE: discreetly camouflaged, airy, well-irrigated dell surrounded by fungi sticks and lethal tripwires

IDEAL EVENING: Rollled up in a nice fat joint with a pizza on the way, extra mushrooms.

BIGGEST JOY: To see that smile light up on your face.





THE PARAQUAT PAPERS

The nightmare that began for the Reagan White House when they decided illegally to paraquat a small area of a Georgia national forest just will not go away. Meeting with chronic delays in their requests for information led Congress into asking some very embarrassing questions. Some of which are printed below.

The world will little note nor long remember the great Paraquat Panic of 1983, which entailed the helicopter-borne spraying of a little pot patch in a national forest in Georgia, and another in Kentucky, during the second week in August. The spraying had been brainstormed up by some heavy thinkers in the Reagan White House and the Drug Enforcement Administration with an eye toward maximum publicity and drug-scare panic. Between the two sprayings White House "dope czar" Carleton Turner blitzed the national media with extravagant lies about how wildly "effective" and "safe" and "cost-efficient" the project had been, and with promises to paraquat pot bushes all over 40 other states before the end of the '82 harvest. The White House/DEA dope-control clique sincerely did believe that by simply screaming the magic word "drugs," loud and often, they could stampede Congress into allowing federal authorities to spray chemical poisons anywhere they might wish, at any time, for any reason.

Of course, these heavy thinkers were completely out of touch with ordinary public opinion on the subject of industrial poisons in public wilderness areas. The instant reaction was typified by the following testy inquiry to Turner's office from Georgia representatives Elliott Levitas and Ed Jenkins. (The government's hired helicopters had, in fact, treetopped directly over Jenkins's mother's house on their way to poison the Georgia patch.) The whole program was so disastrous, in fact, that the White House put a gag order on the entire federal Public Health Service, forbidding government doctors, environmental specialists and epidemiologists from divulging any details of the whole scandal to the press.

So it was expected by the feds that their historic paraquat

program, since it didn't catch on at all, would at least be forgotten forever. And that probably would have happened, in fact, if Levitas and Jenkins hadn't managed to shame someone in Turner's office into answering their testy paraquat letter. When Turner signed his name to that tissue of evasions and outright lies, it became a whole new story.

On 21 November 1982, in response to various federal lawsuits pressed by several environmental groups and NORML, Justice Department attorneys openly conceded that the DEA had broken the law with their August paraquat program. They admitted this less than a month after the Special Assistant to the President for Drug Abuse Policy, Dr. Carleton Turner, had lied to these two representatives about the entire undertaking, its cost and its environmental and health effects. The story now has the two classic Watergate elements of a crime discovered in its very commission, and a subsequent cover-up by top White House aides.

Still and all, there's that magic word "drugs" here. That word does pretty reliably discourage conventional investigators from asking sharp questions of presumably well-meaning but misguided public officials. And you can bet the White House and DEA are desperately banking on that magic, too.

Anyone desiring some really juicy background on last August's spraying is referred to HIGH TIMES, December 1983. The entire crime is lovingly dissected in that month's Highwitness News section. We've appended some of this information, in small print, to each of the congressmen's questions which Turner's office failed to adequately answer.

CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

WASHINGTON, D.C. 20515

August 26, 1983

Dr. Carlton E. Turner
Director
Office of Drug Abuse Policy
Old Executive Office Building
Washington, D.C. 20503

Dear Dr. Turner:

As you well know, helicopters began spraying paraquat on selected, very small patches of marijuana on national forest lands in North Georgia on August 12, 1983. This marked the federal government's first use of the controversial herbicide for the purpose of eliminating cannabis plantings in the United States. We are both concerned about the way in which this first spraying was handled.

Please allow us to state at the onset of this communication that we wholeheartedly endorse appropriate law-enforcement efforts to eradicate the illicit growth, sale or use of marijuana. It is not our intent at this time to participate in any national debate or campaign on the usage of the herbicide paraquat. Nor is it our desire to interfere in a delicate international negotiation or pending agreement between our nation and the nations of Central or South America where marijuana is widely grown.

We nonetheless question the *modus operandi* employed by the various offices and departments of the federal government in planning and implementing this particular incident. We deplore the fact that our constituents were used as potential "guinea pigs" in a poorly implemented public-relations campaign of international proportions. This was, in our opinion, a covert operation against the citizens of Georgia.

Naturally, we have questions which should be answered. We feel that you should respond to these questions in a timely fashion in coordination with the other federal officials who were involved.

(1) Almost one-half of the acreage in White County, Georgia, is owned by the federal government. Many of these pristine acres are enjoyed for fishing, hunting, hiking and general recreational pleasures. In addition, the City of Helen lies in the northern section of White County. Helen, an alpine village converted from a defunct lumber-mill village nearly 15 years ago, attracts approximately one million visitors annually.

How and why was White County, Georgia, where this concentrated tourist attraction exists, chosen for the inaugural effort of the proposed 40-state aerial spraying program?

(2) The Drug Enforcement Administration informed Gov. Joe Frank Harris of their plans for this operation. Governor Harris shared this information with several state officials, notably the Georgia Bureau of Investigation and the Georgia Department of Natural Resources, who had not had direct communication from DEA.

Why was it deemed necessary to keep this exercise shrouded in secrecy from other officials? Why were key state health officials not informed? Why were local officials (including law-enforcement personnel) not notified? Why did the participating personnel, once the operation was underway and was exten-

sively covered by the broadcast media, persist in cloak-and-dagger tactics? Why was there considered to be a need for secrecy, with no prior notice given to the general public? What protection was provided for innocent, unaware people such as campers or hikers who happened to be in the national forest at the time?

(3) The efforts to designate targeted areas of marijuana with red balloons followed by the postspraying inspection by DEA personnel appeared to be sufficient opportunities to deal with the small cannabis plantings at the sites according to witnesses who have reported their concerns to us.

What planning process was employed which resulted in the selection of aerial spraying when similar results could have been obtained by a controlled manual application? Would a more controlled eradication plan have lessened the chances of any residue of the herbicide and eliminated any opportunity for generalized application in the presence of 20-mile-per-hour winds?

(4) We suppose that it was the intent of this project to destroy any marijuana crop which existed. The safe and effective application of paraquat has long been the target of an international debate and investigation.

Was consideration given to the use of any less-threatening herbicide or alternative methods of application and how much paraquat was sprayed?

(5) Considerable planning and manpower were obviously involved with this project.

What do you estimate to be the cost of this exercise? Please itemize and specify all direct and indirect costs according to personnel involved in planning, personnel involved in implementation, equipment, supply, printing, filming and communications. Dates, descriptions, numbers of individuals and amounts should be listed.

(6) News reports stated that the helicopter company hired by the DEA for this spraying had been cited by environmental authorities in the past for violations of federal and state herbicide regulations. The company's corporate counsel asserted that they were involved as a result of a business arrangement.

What specific precautionary measures were taken to ensure the greatest degree of safety and effectiveness in this arrangement? Was DEA aware of previous environmental violations by the company used for the spraying? Was the project let by competitive bid to other firms? On what basis was Evergreen chosen to conduct the aerial spraying?

(7) The entire operation was filmed for the government of Colombia indicating the United States was willing to use the controversial herbicide domestically. You were reported as saying that "Colombians want to see the United States provide worldwide leadership in the use of herbicides."

Has a written agreement been reached between the two governments to this end? Why was an aerial spraying the most appropriate method of demonstrating our part of any agreement? Do agreements exist between the United States and any other countries who are exporting marijuana? If so, which countries

and what agreements? Were the Colombians told the amount of paraquat used, the number of plants destroyed and the size of the plots sprayed?

(8) What was the code name assigned to this exercise?

In summary, our concern is not based on the eradication program, not on paraquat as a controversial herbicide and not on a show of faith to our citizens or any other citizens of the world who may be involved with the growing or selling of marijuana. We are vitally concerned with the *methods* which were used, with the *tactics* which were deplored by

federal officials and with the *lasting effects* which will remain with thousands of American citizens.

We shall be awaiting your prompt reply.

Very truly yours,



ELLIOT H. LEVITAS
Member of Congress



ED JENKINS
Member of Congress

CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

WASHINGTON, D.C. 20515

September 20, 1983

Dr. Carlton E. Turner
Director
Office of Drug Abuse Policy
Old Executive Office Building
Washington, D.C. 20503

Dear Dr. Turner:

On August 26, 1983, we wrote you with questions we had concerning the spraying of paraquat on patches of marijuana in North Georgia. To date, we have received no acknowledgment or response to the letter.

We have deferred proceeding through other channels to

obtain the answers to our questions on the basis that it would be more appropriate for you to answer our questions directly. Do you intend to respond? When will we hear from you?

Very truly yours,



ELLIOTT H. LEVITAS
Member of Congress



ED JENKINS
Member of Congress

cc: Kenneth M. Duberstein

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

October 21, 1983

Dear Congressmen:

Thank you for your letter of August 26, 1983, and your interest in domestic eradication of marijuana. I regret the delay in this reply.

As you know, the Administration is committed to eliminating the production of illegal drugs wherever they are grown, as part of the overall drug-abuse prevention effort. Your endorsement of appropriate law-enforcement efforts to eradicate the illicit growth, sale or use of marijuana is appreciated.

The spraying of the herbicide, paraquat, on illegal cannabis cultivation located in the Chattahoochee National Forest was an appropriate and well-controlled law-enforcement effort directed at a criminal activity. While I share your concern that it apparently raised fears among your constituents, I do not agree with your description of the destruction of illegal cannabis plants as a "covert operation against the citizens of Georgia." The law-enforcement agencies of the Federal government, as well as state and local governments, con-

duct numerous law-enforcement operations throughout the United States daily. Few of the operations are publicly advertised in advance.

In my opinion, the media coverage of the operation contributed to the misunderstanding by the local citizens. However, no health problems were created. The lasting effects which will remain with thousands of American citizens will be a heightened awareness of the dangers of marijuana use and the knowledge that their government is serious about protecting the youth of our country from the dangers of illegal drugs.

Attached are the answers to your questions. If I can be of any further assistance, please let me know.

Sincerely,



Carlton E. Turner,
Ph.D.
Special Assistant to
the President for
Drug Abuse Policy

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

To: The Honorable Elliott H. Levitas
The Honorable Ed Jenkins
U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, D.C. 20515

QUESTIONS FROM REPRESENTATIVES LEVITAS AND JENKINS

"(1) Almost one-half of the acreage in White County, Georgia, is owned by the federal government. Many of these pristine acres are enjoyed for fishing, hunting, hiking and general recreational pleasures. In addition, the City of Helen lies in the northern section of White County. Helen, an Alpine village converted from a defunct lumber-mill village nearly 15 years ago, attracts approximately one million visitors annually.

"How and why was White County, Georgia, where this concentrated tourist attraction exists, chosen for the inaugural effort of the proposed 40-state aerial spraying program?"

Answer: The criminal activity occurring at that location was the reason that the eradication occurred there. I am certain that the officials responsible for such a concentrated tourist attraction could not endorse the criminal activity of marijuana production in their vicinity. At no time was there a "proposed 40-state aerial spraying program," as you stated. Perhaps this statement is mistakenly addressing the Marijuana Eradication and Suppression Program sponsored by the Drug Enforcement Administration. This program is not an aerial spraying program, but involves elimination of illegal cannabis cultivation by appropriate means, wherever it is found. The program has expanded from 5 states in 1981 to 25 states in 1982, and to 40 states in 1983. In 1982 approximately 2.5 million cannabis plants were eradicated in this program. While final figures for 1983 are not yet available, they are likely to far surpass the 1982 total.

The use of aerial spraying as the method of eradication in the Chattahoochee National Forest in Georgia was simply because the site was the first that met the rigid restrictions and environmental criteria under which aerial spraying is conducted.¹

Nevertheless, the government exercised extraordinary care in the first and second sprayings of this particular weed in the U.S., simply because the use of the herbicide paraquat for this purpose was relatively new in this country and the unknown tends to generate unfounded fears, except to the chemists and farmers who are familiar with the use of this herbicide. As you know, over 4 million pounds of paraquat are used on approximately 10.7 million acres of land in the United States each year in normal agricultural applications. It seems incredible that the use of less than two pounds

under highly controlled conditions on a few square feet of National Forest land and on an illegal weed would create any concern, unless the purpose is to draw attention away from the illegal nature of the target activity.

"(2) The Drug Enforcement Administration informed Gov. Joe Frank Harris of their plans for this operation. Governor Harris shared this information with several state officials, notably the Georgia Bureau of Investigation and the Georgia Department of Natural Resources, who had not had direct communication from DEA.

"Why was it deemed necessary to keep this exercise shrouded in secrecy from other officials? Why were key state health officials not informed? Why were local officials (including law-enforcement personnel) not notified? Why did the participating personnel, once the operation was underway and was extensively covered by the broadcast media, persist in cloak-and-dagger tactics? Why was there considered to be a need for secrecy, with no prior notice given to the general public? What protection was provided for innocent, unaware people such as campers or hikers who happened to be in the national forest at the time?"

Answer: State officials informed in advance were Gov. Joe Frank Harris and Phil Peters, Director of the Georgia Bureau of Investigation. The offices of each member of the Georgia Congressional delegation (including yours) were notified three days in advance of the intent to spray. This general notification was done, as a courtesy, to alert you to the pending operation. At that time, the spraying locations were not chosen from among six possibilities. Site-specific environmental assessments were completed on each of the potential sites, and the sites were selected by the law-enforcement officials.

The "general public" was not notified in advance because this would not be sound law-enforcement policy. The criminals growing cannabis on someone else's property were not notified, for obvious reasons. Incidentally, a later operation in Tennessee proved the wisdom of these tactics. The weather precluded our reaching potential sites for site-specific assessments and the growers harvested the crop before the eradication occurred.

The protection for anyone in proximity to the growing site was provided by sealing off the area prior to the spraying. Furthermore the spray was applied in such a way that a person would have had to be standing beside the cannabis during the application to have been affected. No one was standing there. I am unaware of any "cloak-and-dagger" activities associated with this operation.²

"(3) The efforts to designate targeted areas of marijuana with red balloons followed by the postspraying inspection by DEA personnel appeared to be sufficient opportunities to deal with the small cannabis plantings at the sites according to witnesses who have reported their concerns to us.

"What planning process was employed which resulted in the

¹Lanier Chambers, chief commissioner of White County: "A notice went around from the White House last spring to police and county authorities all over Georgia, asking us to alert the DEA any time we spotted marijuana growing on federal land in areas of low population density. And that's where they made the mistake, by picking White County. We've got a low permanent population, sure, but we've got this dense transient population of tourists; and we can't keep track of every one of them, any day the government wants to spray paraquat back in the woods."

²The government alerted Governor Harris of the impending spraying over two weeks in advance. It was Harris's decision to put off warning anyone about it until the last possible minute. The governors of Tennessee and South Carolina, who were alerted at the same time, simply told the feds not to bother spraying poison in their states. Harris, who assented to the project, kept it secret so as to avert a negative public reaction—until it was too late, and the spraying was a *fait accompli*.

selection of aerial spraying when similar results could have been obtained by a controlled, manual application? Would a more controlled eradication plan have lessened the chances of any residue of the herbicide and eliminated any opportunity for generalized application in the presence of 20-mile-per-hour winds?"

Answer: The decision to spray was consistent with policy guidance and the existing conditions. This was a "controlled eradication plan." There is no evidence of the presence of 20-mile-per-hour wind in the site sprayed during the spraying operation.³

"(4) We suppose that it was the intent of this project to destroy any marijuana crop which existed. The safe and effective application of paraquat has long been the target of an international debate and investigation.

"Was consideration given to the use of any less-threatening herbicide or alternative methods of application and how much paraquat was sprayed?"

Answer: Yes. Less than two pounds of herbicide were mixed in solution and approximately half of the solution was actually sprayed.⁴

"(5) Considerable planning and manpower were obviously involved with this project.

"What do you estimate to be the cost of this exercise? Please itemize and specify all direct and indirect costs according to personnel involved in planning, personnel involved in implementation, equipment, supply, printing, filming and communications. Dates, descriptions, numbers of individuals and amounts should be listed."

Answer: In response to a question asked during a hearing held on the subject by the Subcommittee on Crime, House Committee on the Judiciary on October 5, 1983, Mr. Frank Monastero of the Drug Enforcement Administration advised that \$75,000 had been allocated for all herbicidal spraying in the United States. The details requested are not available in this office.⁵

"(6) News reports stated that the helicopter company hired by the DEA for this spraying had been cited by environmental authorities in the past for violations of federal and state herbicide regulations. The company's corporate counsel asserted that they were involved as a result of a business arrangement.

"What specific precautionary measures were taken to ensure the greatest degree of safety and effectiveness in this arrangement? Was DEA aware of previous environmental violations by the company used for the spraying? Was the project let by competitive bid to other firms? On what basis was Evergreen

chosen to conduct the aerial spraying?"

Answer: In addition to the environmental assessment and prescribed weather conditions, spray height and droplet size, the area was secured by law-enforcement officers. Evergreen is licensed in all 50 states to apply paraquat and has experienced and trained personnel. DEA was aware of alleged previous environmental violations in selecting Evergreen as the best qualified and available to meet the requirements of the operation. There was no competitive bidding.⁶

"(7) The entire operation was filmed for the government of Colombia indicating the United States was willing to use the controversial herbicide domestically. You were reported as saying the 'Colombians want to see the United States provide worldwide leadership in the use of herbicides.'

"Has a written agreement been reached between the two governments to this end? Why was an aerial spraying the most appropriate method of demonstrating our part of any agreement? Do agreements exist between the United States and any other countries who are exporting marijuana? If so, which countries and what agreements? Were the Colombians told the amount of paraquat used, the number of plants destroyed and the size of the plots sprayed?"

Answer: I am unaware of the quote which you attribute to me. While I do not agree fully with your statement, there is merit to the logic that we should not ask the Colombian government to do something within their own country that we are not willing to do within the United States.

We already use paraquat extensively for agricultural purposes and now have used it in several states to eradicate illegal cannabis. Mexico has made extensive use of the same herbicide on cannabis cultivation. While no agreement has yet been reached with Colombia for an eradication program, such a program is critical to reducing the supply of marijuana to the United States. Both Mexico and the United States have demonstrated that aerial eradication is practical and appropriate and will be particularly effective in attacking the extensive cannabis cultivation within Colombia. We are encouraging Colombia to initiate such a program and will continue to use appropriate means to eradicate the illegal cultivation of cannabis within the United States.⁷

"(8) What was the code name assigned to this exercise?"

Answer: I am not aware of any "code name."⁸

⁶The Evergreen helicopter company of Oregon, despite its horrifying previous record of lethal EPA violations, did reportedly try to minimize the health risks of the White County spraying. That is, the Evergreen pilot advised the DEA just before the spraying that a 20-knot wind was blowing that day, but he was ordered to spray nevertheless. Evergreen was evidently selected by the feds for this project because of its record of satisfactory service for the CIA.

⁷The president of Colombia, Belisario Betancur, after viewing the DEA's videotapes of last summer's paraquat misadventures, flatly refused to ever contemplate spraying the stuff in Colombia. Betancur reportedly had been wavering beforehand, until they showed him exactly what happens when idiots spray paraquat from helicopters on windy days. So much for the DEA's "worldwide leadership in the use of herbicides."

⁸It's standard government policy to accord code names to projects like this. Afterward, once the code name is known, a Freedom of Information Act inquiry can quickly unlock such questions as how much it cost, who was in charge, what really happened and so on. The slimily evasive answer given to this question by Turner's office indicates the anxiety with which the feds await the disclosure of that information.

³Helicopters were used to spray the tiny patch of pot seedlings—which could easily have been torn up by the first forest ranger who located the patch, as he in fact requested—simply because the feds wanted a precedent for spraying pot from helicopters. It looks more majestic and intimidating that way.

⁴Sure, the government regularly sprays drug crops in foreign countries with other herbicides: 2, 4-D and 2, 4, 5-T, specifically, dioxin-ridden chemicals which together comprise Agent Orange. But that's mainly for opium poppies and coca bushes, whereas paraquat's ideal for broad-leaf plants like marijuana.

⁵Nothing short of a full-fledged congressional investigation will ever root up the true answers to this question.

CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

WASHINGTON, D.C. 20515

November 21, 1983

Dr. Carlton E. Turner
Director
Office of Drug Abuse Policy
Old Executive Office Building
Washington, D.C. 20503

Dear Dr. Turner:

We are writing with regard to your response to our letter to August 26, 1983. We did not receive your letter of October 21, 1983, until October 31, 1983, and unfortunately, Dr. Turner, we found your letter to be a totally inadequate response.

Your letter fails to respond to most of the questions we put to you, and where you did respond, the answers for the most part, were so obviously incorrect or inadequate that we are surprised you signed such a letter.

For example, we asked you how and why White County, Georgia, was chosen for this demonstration project. You responded that "criminal activity occurring at that location was the reason." That is hardly a satisfactory answer. Were there not other areas where such criminal activity was going on, but which were not selected? Why this one, particularly an area through which one million visitors pass each year?

You say there was not a "proposed 40-state aerial spraying program." We may have received incorrect information on the number of states to be involved, but your pointing that out still does not answer our question as to why White County, Georgia, was chosen for this project. You try to explain it by saying that the site in Georgia was "the first that met the rigid restrictions and environmental criteria" for aerial spraying. That does not give us much of an answer since we have no idea what "rigid restrictions and environmental criteria" you applied and how it was that White County, Georgia, was "first."

By the terms of your own definition, only "a few square feet" of land was involved. The use of aerial spraying for eradication of such a tiny spot of cannabis strikes us as absolutely absurd, and unnecessary. If as we understand by your figures, the average agricultural use of a pound of paraquat would be sufficient to treat nearly three acres, why was it deemed necessary to dump two pounds of the herbicide into the air over a few square feet? That is what seems "incredible" and is of concern to us. As we said to you before, we strongly support appropriate law-enforcement efforts to eradicate the illicit growth, sale or use of marijuana. But we have questions, which you have not answered, as to how this was an appropriate, effective means of pursuing such a goal. Surely, there are safer, less costly ways of eradicating a plot of marijuana which was only "a few square feet" in size.

Your attempt to respond to our question about why the operation was cloaked in secrecy points to the fact that you did not accomplish your stated purpose in keeping this operation so secret. You said that growers in Tennessee harvested the targeted crops before they could be sprayed. Did you follow different notification procedures in Tennessee than in Georgia? If so, why? Also, you say you sealed off the area to be sprayed to protect innocent campers and hikers. Why

could you not have sealed off the area to prevent the early harvesting by criminal growers? Of course, had the law-enforcement officials just harvested the marijuana themselves, when they were picking out and sealing off the site, the growers would not have had the opportunity to go in behind them and harvest before the spraying. It seems that would have saved everyone a lot of time, trouble, money and fear, and it would have accomplished your purpose more effectively than the aerial spraying program did.

Your cloak-and-dagger approach also contradicts your own statement in response to our first question, where you say that "the unknown tends to generate unfounded fears." If you feel there was nothing for the public to fear from this operation, then why did you choose to make it "unknown" to the public?

Your responses to questions 3, 4 and 5 are totally inadequate and fail to provide the information we requested. While on questions 3 and 4, you give no excuse for failing to provide the information we requested, certainly that is no worse than the weak excuse you gave for failing to provide the information we requested on the cost of the exercise. Surely, Dr. Turner, you have access to this information. If you do not, then you can hardly say the decision to proceed with this operation was an informed one. Not knowing how much this operation cost the taxpayers is hardly an acceptable answer especially from an Administration that prides itself on cutting out waste.

Once again, with regard to our question 6, you failed to give a complete answer to our questions regarding the choice of the Evergreen company to conduct the aerial spraying. And in your attempt to respond to question 7, you again bypassed our questions. As to the logic of asking the Colombian government to do something that we in the United States are not willing to do, it seems to us that the botched-up demonstration such as that conducted in the Chattahoochee National Forest would hardly sway anyone.

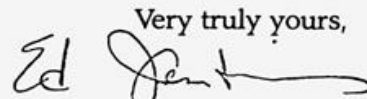
On question 8, you say you were "not aware" of any code name for the operation. Was there one?

As we have indicated, we fully support any safe, practical, appropriate and effective effort to eradicate illegal plots of marijuana and to attack the production, marketing and use of illegal drugs. You have chosen not to answer the questions we raised as to the wisdom and effectiveness of the aerial paraquat spraying of tiny marijuana plots in Georgia. We still do not understand how this approach was an effective, appropriate way to attack the drug problem.

Since you have not provided the information we requested, we are referring our questions and this matter to the Subcommittee on Government Information, Justice and Agriculture of the House Government Operations Committee. We anticipate that the Subcommittee will be able to assist us in investigating this operation.



ELLIOTT H. LEVITAS
Member of Congress

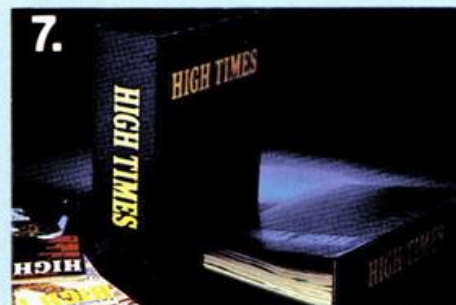


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ASK ED

/ continued from page 53

tive growth but the buds may be loose or even run from inadequate illumination.

There is a limitation to how many fluorescents you can use in an indoor space. Only about four tubes per foot will fit, thus limiting the total output to about 40 watts per square foot. Growers use somewhere between 15 and 20 watts of light per square foot.

Very High Output (VHO) fluorescents are made for use when a brighter light is needed. They use about three times the electricity of the regular fluorescents and emit about two and a half times the light. Although they are less efficient, they ease the task of supplying sufficient light to a garden. One VHO tube will supply the equivalent of 25 watts of regular fluorescent light. Two VHO tubes or the equivalent of 50 watts per square foot will increase productivity and quality considerably. Plants seem to bud better under VHO lights because they usually receive more total light and also because the light is coming from a more concentrated point source which seems to be preferred by the plants.

Metal halide lamps produce about 110,000 lumens from a 1,000-watt unit. This is considerably more efficient than a fluorescent and is also easier to use since there is only a small lamp producing the light rather than a bank of lights which is often difficult to manipulate. These lamps will illuminate a 7-by-7-foot area (49 square feet) but can be used to cover an area as large as 10-by-10-foot (100 square feet). Several lamps illuminating a garden seem to promote a higher rate of growth than when using just a single lamp. The amount of space that a lamp will illuminate can be increased somewhat by using a device that moves the light around the garden (the "Solar Shuttle" is one such device). Buds grown under metal halides are thicker and denser than fluorescent-grown buds.

High Pressure Sodium (HPS) vapor lamps emit about 125 lumens of light per watt, primarily in the yellow and orange spectrums. Yellow and orange light are used less efficiently by plants than blue and red light, so it was thought for years that the amount of light emitted in these spectrums, rather than the total amount of light emitted, was the primary factor in plant growth. Experimentation has proven this to be false. The total amount of light produced in all spectrums seems to be the primary



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factor. Plants grown solely under sodium vapor lamps will grow at about the same rate or just a little slower than plants receiving light from a metal halide. However, during the budding stage the plants seem to respond to the HPS lamps by increasing both the size and density of the bud.

The Low Pressure Sodium (LPS) vapor lamp looks something like a fluorescent tube. They are available in sizes up to 180 watts. They emit about 33,000 lumens of light, primarily in the yellow-orange band, and are the most efficient light-producer available. Plants receiving most of their light from this lamp bud earlier and seem more resinous than the other plants.

The source of illumination is only one part of the lighting problem. The other part is the method of delivering the light to the plants. Virtually all reflectors that are sold are inefficient. Fluorescent fixtures most often space the tubes closely together with no barriers between the tubes, so 50 percent or more of the light is trapped. Instead, fixtures can be constructed with space to fit barriers between the tubes to permit the light to exit. Frames can be made using two-by-four's to meet your garden's specifications.

MH and HPS lamps often come with reflectors that do not even cover the lamp fully, thus a considerable amount of light exits horizontally, illuminating walls or other dead space, but never reaching the plants. The efficiency of these reflectors can be greatly increased by wrapping aluminum foil around the reflector at a slight angle so that it drapes down below the bulb. The foil is most easily shaped by making a frame constructed from thin wire, such as chicken wire. The reflector can be shaped to match the contours of your garden. There are some commercial fixtures that do reflect and direct the light well. Most of the four-foot reflectors and some long bowl-shaped fixtures are pretty good. Even so, you may wish to modify the reflectors by using aluminum foil to deflect light from areas where it is not used by the plants.

Light cannot be used by the plants in the absence of CO₂. Growrooms lacking adequate ventilation are quickly depleted of CO₂. Before the plants can continue photosynthesis, the gas must be replaced. This is easily accomplished using a CO₂ tank and regulator. Before investing money in additional lights, growers should make sure that their plants' CO₂ needs are met. For a few cents a day the plants' growth can be doubled. □

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FANATIC

/ continued from page 43

kick two broken bottles out of Wall's hands. Unfortunately, instead of candy glass, the bottles turned out to be real, and Lee's hands got cut up. But Lee's paranoia had him convinced that Wall had set the whole thing up to make him look bad. He was furious.

When the shooting was over Lee was surrounded by a group of extras, fuming that he'd had to shed real blood. "You oughta get even," one of the stunt men offered. "Yeah," Lee replied, suddenly struck by an inspiration. "I will. I'm gonna kill him!"

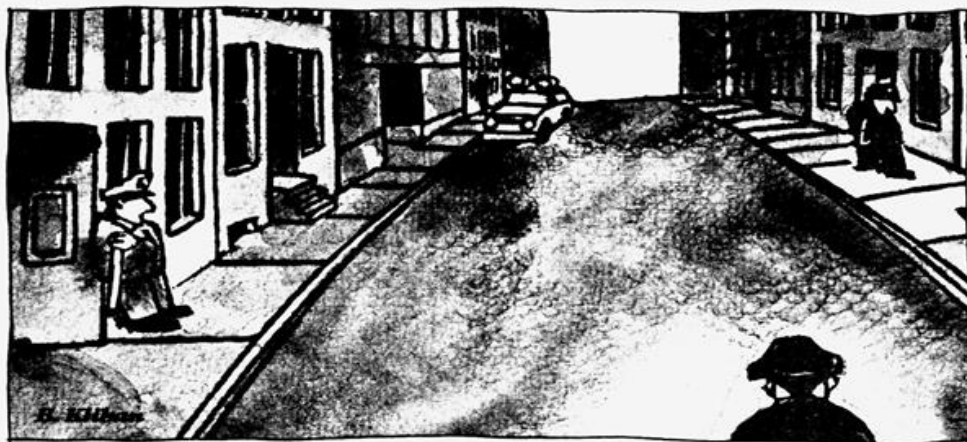
"He was serious," recalled director Robert Clouse. "The plan was that during the next scene [in which Lee was to send Wall flying backwards with a jumping side kick] Bruce wasn't going to pull his blow. He was going to hit Wall full force and break his neck."

"I was up real late one night and Raymond [Chow] called me and he sounded really worried. He said, 'I've got Bruce over here, and he says he's going to kill Bob Wall. What are we going to do?' So I used a bit of psychology. The next day I said 'Look, Bruce, if you kill him we won't be able to finish the picture, because he's got more scenes to do.'"

Lee had an out. He went back to his pals and said, "I can't kill him, the director won't let me."

But the pressures of sudden stardom were taking their toll. Lee was losing weight. Despite a diet that included a drink made of bull's blood and raw hamburger, he'd dropped down to 120 pounds. Furthermore, for the first time in his life, he'd begun taking drugs. His favorite seemed to be "Temple Balls," essentially brownies stuffed with the finest Nepalese hash. Lee's erratic behavior grew even more outrageous. He cracked up his red Mercedes several times, and he made no effort to cover up the fact that he was having affairs with several of his costars.

Moreover, the paranoia was on the increase. People were out to get him, Lee was sure of it. And unlike the character in his films who'd walk into any situation empty-handed and clean things up, one, two, three—the real Lee became a walking arsenal. According to an article in *Penthouse*, he had a whole slew of concealed weapons smuggled into Hong Kong which included a tear-gas pen, a sword cane with a 12-inch blade, a stiletto-type comb that contained a razor, a walking stick with a .410 shotgun shell at one end and a tear-



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gas canister at the other, a belt buckle that turned into a knife and a pearl-handled .22 caliber Magnum-load double-barreled Derringer. Lee, obviously, wasn't taking any chances.

But on July 20, 1973, Lee's paranoia—and all his other problems as well—came to an end. He was found dead in the apartment of Hong Kong actress Betty Ting Pei. The autopsy revealed that Lee's brain was swollen to almost twice its normal size. There were traces of cannabis found in the body, plus a substance called "Equagesic" (essentially aspirin). The doctors said that Lee had died of an allergy which had been aggravated by the Equagesic in his system, and labeled the official cause of death "misadventure."

There's been more than enough brouhaha, as regards Lee's mysterious death, to last a lifetime. By now we've heard all the stories: Lee was the victim of a hit by the Chinese Mafia; he was poisoned by skilled Ninja herbalists, in retribution for giving away secret martial-arts techniques; he'd been the victim of "the palm of death" (a strike where the internal organs rupture days, weeks or months after the actual blow).

Lee had indeed made plenty of enemies during his life. And it did seem strange that the man who doctors claimed had "the body of an eighteen-year old" had died of an aspirin. "I think it was foul play," said Ed Parker. "The Chinese have ways of killing people that we couldn't even begin to fathom. But the fact is, we'll never know for sure."

There were, of course, some who said that Lee wasn't dead. No, he was off on some mountaintop retreat practicing new, as-yet-unrevealed fighting techniques. Others grumbled that it had all been a hoax—a gigantic publicity stunt.

If it had been, it couldn't have worked better. *Enter the Dragon*, released shortly after Lee's death, took the world by storm. People, to put it simply, went bonkers over him.

Folksinger Phil Ochs—another man who died before his time—recalled his feelings when he first saw Lee. "Bruce Lee made Rudolf Nureyev look like a truck driver," Ochs said. "It's not the vulgarity of James Arness pistol-whipping a drunken stage robber, it's not the ingenious devices of James Bond coming to the rescue, it's not the ham-fisted John Wayne slugging it out in the saloon over crumbling tables and imitation glass. It is a science of body being taken to its highest form. And the violence, no matter how outrageous, is al-

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Written in consultation with Kevin Zeese, NORML Chief Counsel

IS THERE A 'DRUG COURIER PROFILE'?

Or is it just a shortcut past the protections of the Bill of Rights? by Bob LaBrasca

YOU'RE TRAVELING FROM, SAY, MIAMI to Atlanta, and you prefer—for whatever reason—to do it anonymously. So you make the reservation in a name other than your own, and you give the airline a phony call-back number. You arrive at the airport in Miami by cab, pay for your one-way ticket in cash and board the plane without checking any luggage. Upon arriving in Atlanta you hurry off the plane, call a friend from a pay phone to say you've arrived safely and, just as you're about to get into another cab, you're accosted by a man with a badge who wants to see your identification.

You see, everything you've done so far to assert your anonymity has helped attract the attention of the narcotics. Unknowingly, you tried on the "drug courier profile" when you entered the airport in Miami, and by the time you made that phone call in Atlanta, you were wearing it like a custom-tailored suit.

The false name and call-back number, and the information that you bought a one-way ticket with cash and checked no bags, were all in the airline computer to which the narcs have easy access. When it was observed by plainclothes agents that you used public transportation, were among the first off the plane and made a call immediately after landing, you were ripe for an "approach."

And when it is discovered that the name on your driver's license doesn't match the one you gave the airline, you may well become a target of "reasonable suspicion." Depending on how you handle yourself in the "investigative detention" that follows, you could end up providing your recent acquaintance with "probable cause" for an "arrest" and search of your belongings.

Now, of course, if you *do* have something illegal in your carry-on bag, this whole encounter is going to test your cool to the limit. The narc, on the other hand, will be in his element, needling you a bit, watching your eyes and the way your hand grips the bag, checking for signs of panic. And if he's good and

plays you just right, he's going to end up with his cop-hands in that satchel, legally; and you're going to do a little time.

But then, maybe you have no dope. Maybe you just gave the airline an alias because you didn't want your meddling Aunt Lily, who works for the airline and has access to the computer, to know that you were making that weekend trip to Miami. If that's the case, this little cops-and-couriers game will result in no more than one royal pain in the ass: the kind of pain in the ass you thought the Bill of Rights protected you from.

Well, the person to thank for this intrusion on your freedom of travel within the United States is DEA agent Paul Markonni, whose exploits have been chronicled in the pages of this magazine and in the decisions of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Eleventh Circuit. Agent Markonni, who compiled the drug courier profile, haunts the concourses of Hartsfield International Airport in Atlanta, and, according to even his most serious critics, he is possessed of an absolutely uncanny ability to spot dope mules.

Perhaps that's the point: that the ability is "uncanny"—unfathomable, unreviewable and unjustifiable under the provisions of the Constitution.

"Do I think he has an uncanny knack? I think he probably does," says San Antonio attorney Gerry Goldstein. "If he gets seventy percent, I think that's pretty good. That means that only thirty percent of the population are forfeiting their rights."

Goldstein probably knows as much about the legal faring of the courier profile as any lawyer in the United States. His firm has handled "about ten" profile cases, and Goldstein has faced Markonni himself in the courtroom. He argues that, taken together, the characteristics of the profile include virtually everyone who flies:

"The drug courier profile is an after-the-fact rationalization for a gut reaction; it has no statistical basis. It doesn't

seem to matter whether you're first off the plane, last off the plane, walk fast, walk slow; it seems like you're always going to get nailed. It's the basest kind of fact-void suspicion. There are absolutely no articulable facts upon which it makes any rational sense."

So, Markonni's special gifts notwithstanding, Goldstein insists that the criteria for warrantless searches should be at least as narrow as the criteria for acquiring warrants: "Look at it in this context: What would Markonni say if he went to a magistrate to secure a warrant? That this guy was first off the plane, walked fast, used public transportation? It wouldn't cut mustard. He'd be laughed out of court. The theory of the Fourth Amendment is that we shouldn't be allowing police officers to make that determination."

Goldstein has a favorite, exemplary passage from a deposition given by Markonni in *Florida v. Ellis*. It goes like this:

A (Markonni): It was a first-class seat. He was flying first class.

Q: Does that make a difference?

A: We do see some real—I hesitate to use the word—slime-balls, you know, some real dirtbags, that obviously could not afford, unless they were doing something, to fly first class.

"That tells you more than anything else," says Goldstein. "He wanted to nail the guy. He just didn't look right. It couldn't be much more subjective than that."

The courts have generally agreed with Goldstein, that many of the characteristics of the profile are "consistent with innocent behavior." The profile has seldom been held to be sufficient basis, in itself, for reasonable suspicion to justify a seizure or probable cause for an arrest.

But it remains a "law-enforcement tool": a quasi-logical excuse for agents to prowl airports, accost citizens and begin playing nasty little narc games the founding fathers never dreamed of. □

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FANATIC

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ways strangely purifying. As important as the action is his face. The expressions he gets as he demolishes his opponents are beyond description. At times he is lost in ecstasy, almost sexual. And when he strikes, the look of concentration and satisfaction is devastating.

"It's my feeling," Ochs continued, "that Lee will become the James Dean of the future. Dean was a great actor who finished only three films before he died at age twenty-four. Bruce Lee was not that kind of actor, but on a physical level he will survive in the imagination as long as there are movies. Both Lee and Dean found their way into mythology by a brief, but totally magical presence onscreen, followed by a sudden, meaningless death."

Ochs's prediction was right on the money. Lee has joined the ranks of pop icons like Dean, Jim Morrison and Elvis Presley. Perhaps he's surpassed them all. For in the minds of the millions who fantasize about him, Lee's become more than a mere man. He's transcended the human condition to be worshiped as a mythological figure—a demigod with superpowers. Bruce Lee has attained his goal. He's become immortal.

Over the years we've heard, as might be expected, the constant yammer of the fans about the "next" Bruce Lee. Please, let's just shelve that one, okay? There's no next *anything*—no next Beatles, no next Elvis and certainly no next Bruce Lee. No, that kind of blabber is either borne of stupidity or of greed. We always want *more*.

Then we get the other side of the coin. The Lee bad-mouthers. "Bruce was a pussy," sneered a local martial-arts instructor recently. "He'd never fight in a full-contact match [a contest where the blows are not pulled] because he was afraid of getting hurt. He may have been pretty onscreen, but he couldn't get down."

Yep. The old top-gun mentality still exists. We still want to know if Bruce Lee was really the *baddest* dude in the world. Could he have, say, taken Marvin Hagler or Roberto Duran in a back-alley brawl?

The problem is we're mixing up issues here. What Lee did onscreen had nothing whatever to do with *real* fighting. Nobody was more aware of that than he. "This stuff you see onscreen isn't violence," he said, "it's fantasy. It's

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518 IN THE UNITED STATES, THE U.S. Customs Service has employed narcotic-detecting dogs since 1970. As of January 1976, their canine corps consisted of 128 members. According to the FBI, these narcotic-detection dogs

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*FBI Law Enforcement Bull.,
Jan. 1976*

519 BOGOTA, COLOMBIA — WHEN Time magazine described Colombia as a "coffee and cocaine republic," Bogota politicians of all parties reacted indignantly. Colombia, they declaimed, was the victim of a U.S. smear campaign, and letters of protest were rushed to the editor of the offending publication.

It was not the first incident of its kind because Colombia is the world's largest producer of cocaine. Each year, more than 20 tons of the alkaloid are smuggled from this Andean nation into the U.S., and annual income from "the trade" is estimated to total at least \$6 billion—or more than the revenue from all other Colombian exports combined.

In remote zones of the country, more than 100,000 acres are said to be planted with marijuana and coca plants, from whose leaves cocaine is produced. When drug smuggling was at its zenith in the late '70s, some 40,000 Colombian families earned their living directly from narcotics. A third

of the population in some Amazonian towns were reputed to be employed by the drug barons, and on the northern Caribbean coast, most cabbies could name the local marijuana king...

The Cubans' reputed dealings with the traffickers, however, are seen by Colombians as a side issue. The drug business, they stress, is a Colombian-American "capitalist" undertaking, though they concede that Cuban officials may have accorded narcotics runners logistical support. But they are quick to point out that Colombian drug gangs were active long before Havana is said to have intervened in "the trade." Quipped one senior police officer: "We've more than enough 'godfathers' of our own and they don't need Fidel to run things for them."

*Peter Nares, Wall Street
Journal, Nov. 25, 1983*

520 THE GRASS ALWAYS HAS MORE
THC in the other joint.

521 IRAN REPORTS EXECUTING 13
Teheran, Nov. 15 (Reuters)—Nine drug dealers and four murderers have been executed in Iran, according to Iranian news reports today. Teheran radio said four drug smugglers were executed today in the southern port of Bandar Abbas and on nearby Qeshm Island. The newspaper Kayhan said five other people convicted of trading in opium and heroin had been executed over the past few days. The newspaper said four murderers were also executed in a prison in the western city of Bakhtaran.

*New York Times,
Nov. 16, 1983*

522 THINGS GO BETTER WITH TOKE.
Paul Krassner

523 KIDS' LUNGS IMPAIRED IF
MOM SMOKES

The children of mothers who smoke may face a greater risk of impaired lung function, doctors say in today's *New England Journal of Medicine*.

In a study of 1,156 Boston children, researchers found those with smoking mothers had stunted lung development—and by the time they stop growing, lung functions would average about 4 to 5 percent less than

what they otherwise would have been.

This doesn't mean that the children are sick, just that on average their lungs grow less than would have been expected, says Dr. Ira B. Tager of Boston's Beth Israel Hospital and Harvard Medical School.

Previous studies have indicated smoking by parents can increase respiratory illness in children. Tager's is the first to estimate the actual damage.

Tager found no association between a father's smoking and a child's lung function. He says some of the lung impairment might be because most of the mothers also smoked during pregnancy.

*USA Today,
Sept. 22, 1983*

524 I BRAKE FOR LIQUOR STORES
bumper sticker,
Massachusetts, 1983

525 PHILIPPINE TROOPS STOP
PROTESTERS

...The President's wife, Imelda, said in a speech to a group of schoolchildren that she and her husband "will not allow metropolitan Manila to become a city of chaos." Mrs. Marcos is Governor of metropolitan Manila.

Tonight, uniformed policemen and officers wearing civilian clothes shouted and swung riot sticks as they charged students and others who had ignited bonfires in the streets about half a mile from the Marcos residence. The police, some of whom carried pistols, were backed by armed troops and marines.

A policeman estimated the number of protesters in the march on the palace at 5,000 and described them as "kids and goons." He said several demonstrators who were arrested were "under the influence of drugs."

*New York Times,
Sept. 24, 1983*

526 LSD—OR LOVE
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Meher Baba

HIGH TIMES welcomes reader contributions to this clever column. Address correspondence to:
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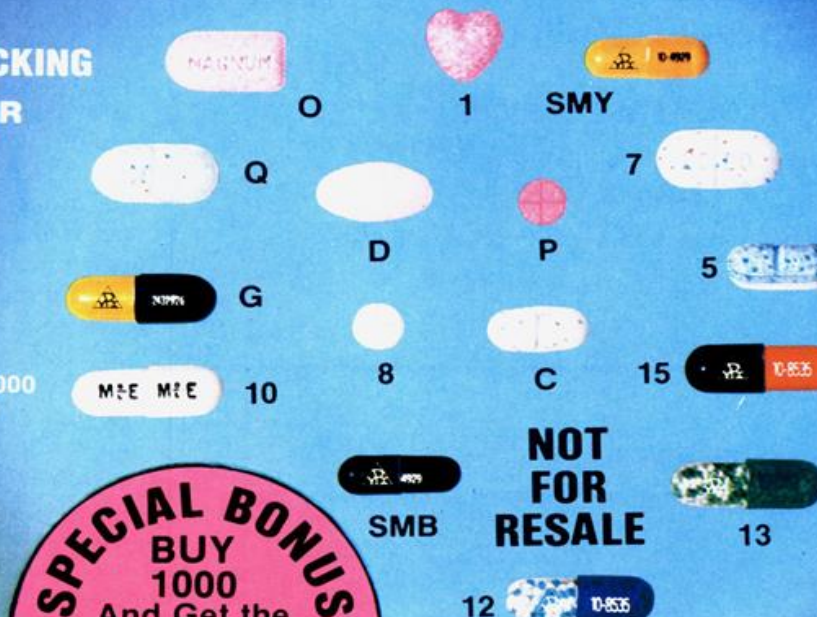
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FANATIC

/ continued from page 79

what audiences want. But they don't take it seriously. I mean, how could you possibly take seriously a scene in which a man is stabbed and his intestines come out, and he picks them up, ties them around his waist and keeps fighting?! No, this isn't real. If I were really fighting somebody, I'd just tear his guts out. I wouldn't be so damn artistic about it."

Lee knew about *real* fighting. He knew that all the histrionics of martial arts haven't got anything to do with kicking ass. He knew that a boxer will whip a karate man 99 percent of the time. In fact, as Lee's study of the various fighting arts had become more refined, he'd become a big boxing fan. He loved Muhammad Ali. But, by and large, Lee wasn't concerned any longer with this "toughest guy" business. He'd bypassed all that. Now he was interested in one thing only—becoming a superstar.

And as far as boxers go, we can rule them out when we're talking about superstars. I mean, can you actually imagine any kid wanting to grow up to be exactly like *Larry Holmes*? Even that mealy-mouthed Sugar Ray Leonard—though he did his darndest—never really had a shot at becoming a household word. Boxers? God knows, I love 'em, but they're basically just too damn unsavory.

How about Bruce's replacements in the martial-arts world? Well, Jacky Chan—the new Oriental kung fu star—is good. But he's an acrobat, not a martial artist. Plus, he's just too damn cute. Not enough killer instinct. And as for Chuck Norris, the American answer to Lee, well, I'm sure Chuck's a swell fella and all, but unfortunately he's got about as much charisma as a two-week-old matzoh ball. I think I've either slept through or walked out of every one of his films. But I'm sure old Chuck doesn't care. He's probably deadpanning all the way to the bank.

So let's see... who've we got left? Oh, right—superheroes—that's what we're talking about here. Superman, James Bond—how do those cats stand up? My feeling is that people want a flesh-and-blood hero rather than one with superpowers. Kids, especially. I sat through *Superman III* recently and there wasn't a peep out of the audience. Oh, a few oohs and aahs, but those were more for the special effects than anything the old man of steel was actually *doing*. Go sit through *Enter the Dragon* and you're

gonna hear some yelling, Jack! I'm talking out-and-out hysteria. Don't tell me kids don't know a *real* hero when they see one.

And let's clear up another thing here. As for all the gobbledygook about Bruce, the banter about his *human* frailties—the monster ego, the drug-taking, the extramarital affairs, his paranoias—who really gives a damn? In the end, none of that stuff means a hoot in hell.

The only thing that matters is sitting in that theater, glued to your seat and getting that *buzz*, then feeling the fucking adrenalin shoot from your toes up to your brain, and screaming your god-damn *lungs* out as Lee flies across the screen and smashes a crunching side-kick to the windpipe of the bad guy. *That's* what counts.

You see, when I walked out of that theater in 1973, my life had *changed*. I was about to embark upon a great, twisting, bizarre adventure that would lead me into heretofore unexplored turf—places from which I would not return *the same*. There was a trip to Bangkok to write a story on the deadly art of Muay Thai (Thai kick-boxing). Countless wonderful afternoons spent in gyms and karate dojos all over the globe. A brief (and extremely sweaty) romance with a female boxer. Getting my nose and foot broken while studying full-contact karate. Ah, how proudly I wore my battle scars! Yes, this was the world of bruises, of black-and-blue marks, of sweat and stink and grunts and groans and pain and... *I loved it!* I was to meet all varieties of muscle-heads—boxers, wrestlers, kick-boxers, bouncers, bodyguards, hit men—bad-asses of every variety. And they were my friends. My *pals*.

As a (slightly disenchanted) writer of mostly entertainment fare, I'd been rescued. Make that *saved*! Right, saved from having to listen to the yap-yap of unctuous P.R. schmucks. Saved from having to do yet another dreary story on the latest rock 'n' roll moron. Ah, yes, how much better to sit ringside and have your notebook splattered with blood than to have your brains fried at a Clash concert. How much more soul-satisfying to hang out with the boys at the Main St. Gym than to have to sit in your lonely apartment, bored to tears by the latest Willie Nelson album.

And as for films—my once favorite pastime that changed into an act of willful suffering as I continued to sit through more and more dreck, hoping for a *real* movie—it was *over*! You see, I'd discovered martial-arts movies. No

/ continued on page 89

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A ROGUE CUTS LOOSE ON TINSELTOWN

Jonathan Kaplan has had his share of trouble with the Hollywood establishment, to say the least. They wouldn't distribute his last film and now they seem intent on ruining his latest.

Jonathan Kaplan wasn't just angry. He was livid. He was enraged. His voice—full of nasal, streetwise inflections—dripped with scorn and sarcasm.

But Kaplan's situation hardly seems to call for rage. He is a successful young director whose latest film—after making many triumphant festival appearances and gaining the greatest critical acclaim of his entire career—was just opening in Los Angeles. So what was pissing him off?

To understand Kaplan's state of mind in this interview—which focuses mostly on the jungles and minefields of Hollywood marketing, and little on his movie—you have to understand something of the spot he is in, and also, I suppose, his own special temperament and humors and emotional pressure valves. His movie, *Heart Like a Wheel*—a stirring bio of three-time world drag-racing champion Shirley "Cha Cha" Muldowney—had indeed received almost unanimous hurrahs from critics. It seemed to many a guaranteed hit: a sort of distaff Rocky (with the added virtue of being drawn, with little embellishment, from life), bursting with humor and sentiment; upbeat; full of action and emotion; richly atmospheric; and beautifully acted by an impressive cast.

When I saw it at the New York Film Festival, it was the obvious favorite of the press and audience. Only the revival of Hitchcock's *Rear Window* (with Jimmy Stewart in attendance) drew a warmer response. Yet the film had become the subject of an incredible set of miscues, snafus and internal battles at its releasing company, 20th Century-Fox. Before its festival booking it had actually been shelved once—after a

dismal showing in test markets—and then resurrected by Fox distribution head Tom Sherak. Now, it was on seeming probation—a strange stepchild about whom no one agreed, and who left nothing but turbulence in her wake. It was an odd fate for a film that many people think is one of the surest-fire adult crowd-pleasers Fox has had in years.

The problem, Kaplan was convinced, was advertising—and his special *bête noire* was the movie's first advertisement. He describes it, acidly, as "The Darth Vaderess" poster. Cheap, slick and cryptic, that original poster seems to have been designed for another movie entirely: a soft-core bondage-and-discipline porno movie perhaps, or a "B" space opera with a title like *Zombie Women from Mars* or *Disco Vampire*. It conveys none of the movie's ebullience and spirit and life—nothing, in fact, of what appeals so strongly to that section of the audience who love it. Now, scarred from that first debacle, Kaplan seems desperately determined to avoid another one, yet paranoiacally convinced that somehow, it might well happen.

Perhaps these fears and suspicions, and the special acrid joking that underlies them, are products of Kaplan's career on the Hollywood "outer circle"—from *Night Call Nurses* and *The Student Teachers* for Roger Corman, to B-movie actioners like *White Line Fever* and *Truck Turner*, to his squelched modern J.D. epic *Over the Edge*. Most of these films showed the verve, occasional violence and energized populism that are his strongest suits. But it is obvious he loves none of those films as much as he loves *Heart Like a Wheel*. As we talked it was clear that

he saw the movie, in some ways, as his bridge out of the jungle—a bridge that was now being strafed from above and sawed off at both ends.

It's also worth remembering that Kaplan—who elicits such unpredictable, spontaneous performances from his casts—was an actor; an actor who began on Broadway, as a child, in the Elia Kazan-directed *The Dark* at the Top of the Stairs. To some extent, then, he was performing his anger here, performing his frustration, his rage—piling it on for effect and even a little black comedy. Our first question, in fact, took us right over the edge...

HIGH TIMES: *Heart Like a Wheel* has had a few distribution problems. And they sound familiar—

JONATHAN KAPLAN: Well, four years ago, I made a film called *Over the Edge*, which didn't receive wide distribution. In fact, it received no distribution at all. I had made, in the parlance of Hollywood, "an unreleasable film"—even though it was eminently entertaining. It would have made a fortune.

HIGH TIMES: Why wasn't *Over the Edge* put into neighborhood theaters?

KAPLAN: Because they're assholes. I mean, after this experience with *Heart Like a Wheel*, I can say unmitigatedly that the people who run Hollywood are idiots. They haven't got a fucking clue as to what the American public wants to see. The only pictures they know how to sell are crap, like *Porky's*, and the so-called blockbusters. If it wasn't for Steven Spielberg and George Lucas, Hollywood would be gone.

Over the Edge was Matt Dillon's first

film. I discovered Matt Dillon. You show it to teenagers, they love it. It never made it to the kids, because the upper-middle-class ex-agents that ran Orion Pictures—They start this company, they take a look at this picture and they freak out—because we happen to deliver it to them the week *The Warriors* is distributed. So they have images of upper-middle-class kids killing each other in the suburbs after watching the movie. The fact is that these guys were totally image conscious. They didn't want to go to their cocktail parties after having made a picture that said, basically, that upper-middle-class kids stuck in these "white flight" condo paradises had no values; and were raised by totally materialistic parents who hadn't instilled in

ences of forty people and audiences of 2,000 people. I've seen it in so many places: in Seattle, in Toronto, in France, in London. I've seen it in New York, and I've seen it *here*. And I know the picture works. I know audiences love it. But the fucking *Neanderthals* that were in charge of marketing—the pseudoscience, the sophistry called "marketing" and "advertising"—couldn't figure out how to sell the movie. So, what do they do? They blame the movie—after spending a fortune on this idiotic campaign that was *guaranteed* not to work; which we all told them.

HIGH TIMES: This was the "Zombie Woman" campaign?

KAPLAN: Right. This was the Darth Vaderess campaign. The ad line was:

And I am *convinced* that that image came from the fact that the gentleman in charge of that was so *threatened* by the thought of an independent woman that, subconsciously, he saw her as a monster.

So now, through a couple of good executives and a change of regimes, we're able to get them to rerelease the picture. They do it *carefully*, in Seattle. It's presented properly, it's promoted properly—and the picture *worked*. It made a fortune. It opened big, and it got bigger. The seventh Saturday was its biggest day. Now, you'd think that would show them that they've got a potential hit picture here. But no. They say, "Well, Seattle's a nonmarket."

HIGH TIMES: Why a "nonmarket"?

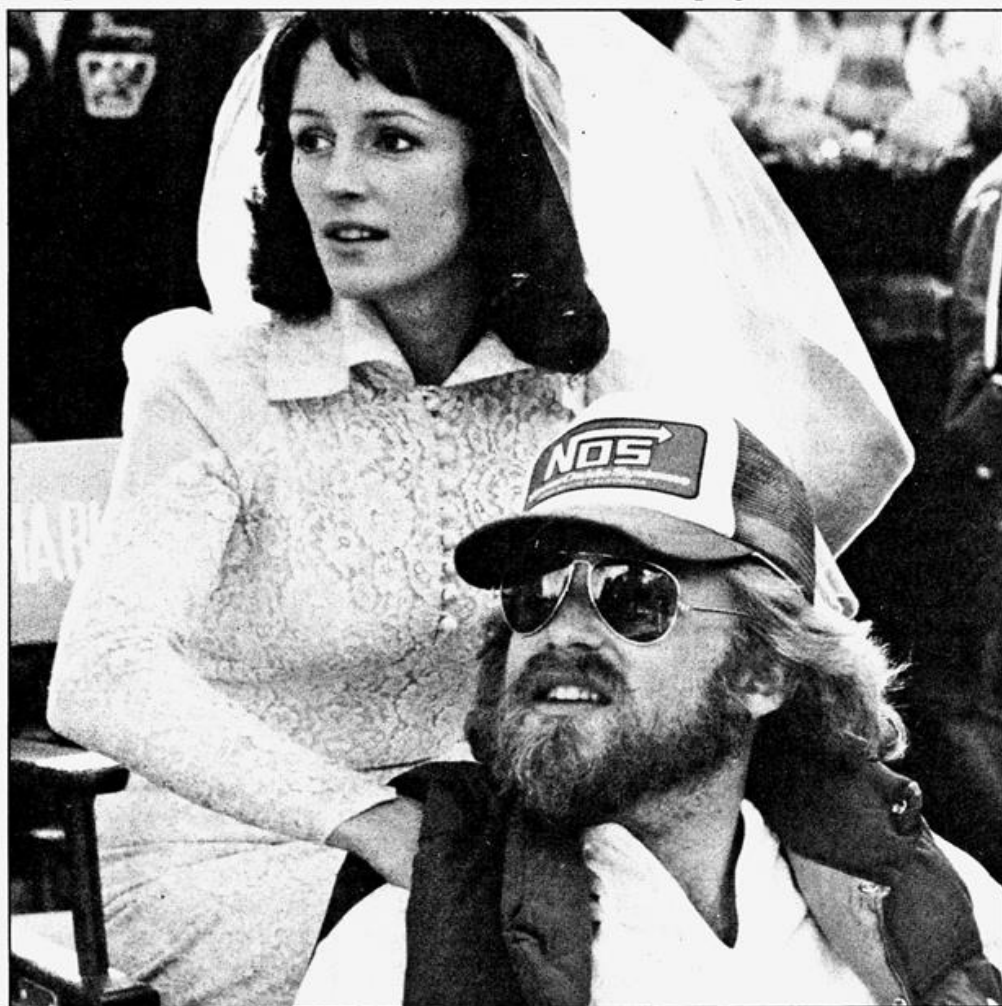
KAPLAN: Because in Seattle, they're weird. They read. Because it rains. Because pictures work there that don't work anywhere else.

HIGH TIMES: But *Heart Like a Wheel* has gotten great reviews all over. Do some of these people have contempt for critical acclaim?

KAPLAN: Yeah. "Critics? They mean nothing." I sat there pleading, in the one marketing meeting I was allowed into. You know, I spent two and a half years of my life on this fucking movie. I made fifteen cents an hour. I deferred most of my money to make it as "quality" as it is; in order to get Beau Bridges. It's a total labor of love. Two and a half years—and it's opening in Indianapolis, in its test market, and in Salt Lake City, on Good Friday, in a snowstorm! And the initial plan was, if the test market worked, then they were going to go out, with 1,100 prints, the same weekend they opened *Return of the Jedi*. When I heard this, I said, "You're kidding. This is a fucking nightmare."

These total, insensitive—They might as well be in the *schmata* business. These guys have no feel for people, for cinema—And they may want to go to their graves saying, "I am the man that brought you *Porky's in 3-D*." But I, thank God, can go to my grave—which may be tomorrow—saying, "I made pictures that meant something, that touched people, and that were about something."

So I go to this marketing meeting and see this Darth Vaderess campaign. I said, "How did you arrive at this idiocy? And I mean... You can't talk to these people like that. A memo went around later saying, "This guy is not



Director Kaplan with Bonnie Bedelia between takes of filming *Heart Like a Wheel*.

them any human values at all.

Now, I'm faced with the same situation with a picture that is "mainstream" and entertaining. You couldn't find a more "American" film than *Heart Like a Wheel*. You couldn't find a film that is more satisfying to an audience. I have seen it, with audi-

"She did something women are forbidden to do, and became world champion." And you look at the poster and you say, "Well, what has she been forbidden to do? Be Darth Vader?"

HIGH TIMES: She looks like a dominatrix—

KAPLAN: Exactly. It's an S&M thing.

to be allowed to any more marketing meetings." You're not allowed—you're supposed to show great respect for these fucking *schlockmeisters*. You know, you're supposed to come in there and cower at their feet. You're not allowed to talk to them as you'd talk to your fellow artists.

And they said, "Well, first you gotta realize that women don't decide who goes to see the movies. Men do." I said, "What?" And they go, "Oh, ho, ho. Kid, we don't have the time today to really go into this; to explain to you this truism of advertising that you're too ignorant to understand." I said, "Well, just—how did you arrive at that?" And they said, "Really, it would take too much time. Statistics bear us out. Believe me, there isn't anyone in the business who won't tell you men decide what movie to go to. Women don't."

And I said, "Okay. When I was a teenager—we're talking about teenagers, right?—and I went on a date, it was a joint decision. I didn't say, 'Come on, bitch. We're gonna see Burt Reynolds now; fuck you.' I said, 'Honey, what picture do you want to go see?'" They said, "Well, things have changed since you were a teenager." It was unbelievable. I said, "Listen, *On Golden Pond* made money. *Kramer vs. Kramer* made money. *Ordinary People* made money." They said, "This ain't *On Golden Pond*, kid. Show me Hank Fonda and Jane Fonda and Katharine Hepburn workin' in this picture. Show me Dustin Hoffman. Robert Redford didn't direct this picture."

There's always an answer. There's always a reason why this picture isn't going to make money. I mean, they say, "Bonnie Bedelia—who the fuck is Bonnie Bedelia?" I said, "Who the fuck was Sally Field before *Norma Rae*? What are you talking about? Bonnie Bedelia could get an Oscar nomination. She could win the Oscar; and next year you'll all be ready to kiss her ass to get her in a movie. And now you're telling me, 'Who's Bonnie Bedelia?'" I mean, the way this business is run, they are driving anyone with a fucking brain away from movie theaters.

Listen, I am in an absolute rage. There's no question about it. I have just had it. I mean, I shouldn't be saying any of this stuff. But I feel like I was duped. I feel like I was used—

HIGH TIMES: Well, the ad campaigns I've seen—

KAPLAN: Stink. Yeah. No question about it. And this campaign was a

thrown-together, last-minute thing. **HIGH TIMES:** Is there a possibility there's a class viewpoint connected with this? All those "minority" films you mentioned—*On Golden Pond*, *Kramer vs. Kramer*—they're all very resolutely middle-class films.

KAPLAN: Right; I agree. Absolutely. This is about a working-class person. And it portrays her with dignity. It portrays all of the working-class people in the picture with dignity. It does not say, "Look at these buffoons. Look at these yokels"—which is the way most working-class people are portrayed in Hollywood movies. Working-class people are just a bunch of yokels and buffoons who drink beer and piss in the woods and laugh a lot.

The so-called feminist movies that Hollywood has made have been upper-middle-class problem pictures—about problems that are easily solved if you hire a maid. All the problems of Jill Clayburgh go away the minute she hires a maid. Hire a maid, and then you've got a choice between running away with the best-looking English actor around, or moving into the best townhouse in New York. I mean, these are hardly issues that affect everybody's daily life. And those were the so-called feminist movies. Now, this is a truly feminist picture. It's a feminist picture by action, and not by rhetoric. It's about a woman who—She would not call herself a feminist. She just says, "I'm a racer. I just want to be treated as an equal. I just want to be treated as the professional that I am." She's not part of the feminist elite. I mean, she's not even in the Women's Sports Hall of Fame—or whatever the fuck it's called. Janet Guthrie, who's never won a race, is in it, because that kind of racing, like tennis, is more of a middle-class pursuit. You know, drag-racing is this horrendous, awful, disgusting, beer-bellied bunch of Hell's Angels rowdies, that cultured people wouldn't want to soil their hands getting near. And I admit I had that elitist attitude too, when I first heard the story.

The way the producer, Chuck Roven, told it to me... You take a woman like Shirley in 1956 and what are her aspirations? She's gonna marry her high-school sweetheart. They're gonna settle down in some business that he owns, like a gas station. She's gonna help him in the business. And they're gonna raise kids. End of story. That was her life—as she saw it in 1956. But this woman happened to have talent. And given her choices: she wasn't tak-

ing music lessons; she wasn't thinking about college and getting into premed; at no point did anyone suggest to her that she become a lawyer. She was a working-class woman, whose choices were limited to a certain sphere. So, that she made her career.

I said, "This is a fascinating story." 'Cause it's true. Here's a woman who not only became a champion in a man's sport, but became the premiere champion in a man's sport. Here's a woman who, at the same time that Billie Jean King was beating Bobby Riggs—this fucking middle-aged hustler with a chair tied to his leg, in that media hoopla in the Astrodome—at the same time, this woman, Shirley Muldowney, was beating the equivalent of Jimmy Connors in her sport. And had been for three years. And it goes completely unnoticed by the media, because it's in this sport that they consider to be barely above a rumble or something. And yet, drag racing outdraws the movie business by four times.

HIGH TIMES: Look, I can see how all this upsets you, so I'd like to give you a chance to talk about something more pleasant. What about the joy of making the movie, rather than the hell of releasing it?

KAPLAN: It was an ideal situation. The company that we made it for—an independent bunch of guys who made *The Secret of N.I.M.H.* and *Eddie and the Cruisers*—these guys were men of their word. They were gentlemen. We told them the story. They said, "Great. We see that there's a big market for this picture." They themselves—two of the three executive officers in the company—had been drag racers as kids. It was a perfect environment to work in because, due to their support, we could cast the best actors for the parts and not have to go for "names." Bonnie Bedelia, Leo Rossi—all the way down the line, these guys were totally supportive, totally behind the project. They totally believed in me, and in Ken Friedman, the writer; and in Chuck, the producer. And in Bonnie. And in Beau.

I was in heaven. I said, "This is truly the best working situation I've ever been in." And the film turned out better, I think, than anyone associated with it thought it was going to be. I had a vision of what I thought it could be, but I did not expect the kind of audience reaction we got. The first time we showed the picture I was just blown away. It was one of the greatest moments of my life. □

FANATIC

/ continued from page 85

more would I have to suffer through "important" films like *Kramer vs. Kramer* or *Ghandi*. No, sir. Now I could spend my afternoons seeing such glorious pieces of trash as *Fists and Guts*, *Dirty Kung Fu*, *The Magnificent Butcher*, *Enter the Fat Dragon*, *The Girl with the Dextrous Touch*, *The Iron Rooster vs. the Centipede*, *Crush*, *The Man with 1000 Fists* and (my favorite) *Tan Shi Rescues His Mother from the Bullies in the Boxing Ring*.

Incidentally, garbage though these films may be, *Enter the Dragon*—as far as this fanatic is concerned—ranks right up there with *Shane*, *The Searchers*, *High Noon* and *Bad Day at Black Rock*, as one of the great action films of all time. I don't care what Pauline Kael says.

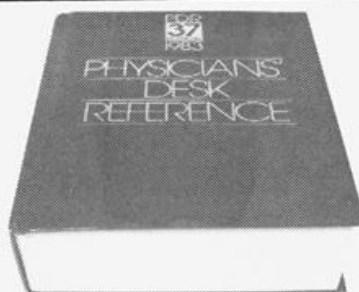
The point here, simply, is that I have a lot to thank Bruce Lee for. We all do, really. I mean, God knows, these are pretty dismal times.

Rock 'n' roll died with Elvis. People think that country music means Alabama, not Merle Haggard. Muhammad Ali is doing D-Con commercials. Richard Gere is the best we've got to offer as a sex symbol. Shit, it's depressing out there. So, yeah, I think we need all the heroes we can get.

As for the kicking-ass-and-taking-names variety, hell, I'll take Bruce Lee any day over the rest of those sorry chumps. Who've we got really? That big dumb oaf, Conan? Or that prissy James Bond? Fer Chrissakes, gimme a break! Superman, you say? Come on! That steroided-out schmuck? As for that little twerp Luke Skywalker, well, I'd like to take him and the rest of his pals and blow them all to fucking kingdom come! I mean, enough already.

Ah, sorry. Guess I got a little bit carried away there. I didn't mean it, Luke. Good God, all I need is a hit put out on me by a bunch of *Star Wars* zombies. No, really, just kidding folks. I, ah—I'm feeling a little peculiar if you want to know the truth. I think I need my fix. Yeah, that's it. Lemme just get out the movie section here. Let's see now. Whew! *Thank God!* There's a showing of *Enter the Dragon* at the Jet Drive-In in... Barstow. Hey, no sweat. It's only a two-hour drive. A fuckin' breeze. I oughta be able to make it if I do 85 all the way. All right! I'm starting to feel better already. Uh, let's see, guess I oughta get dressed for the occasion, huh? Now where'd I put my Bruce Lee T-shirt...? □

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HALEY:

/ continued from page 55

rock 'n' roll. A few years later disc jockey/promoter Alan Freed would be ruined in the payola scandal.

"I don't see," said Rose, "how it [BMI] can escape the charge that it is responsible for rock 'n' roll and other musical monstrosities which are muddying up the airwaves." Rose spoke of travels to communist countries where he heard Soviet orchestras play songs he hadn't heard in a long time rather than rock 'n' roll. "In other words, our best musical talents seem to be having an easier time crashing through the Iron Curtain than through the electronic curtain which the broadcasting companies have set up through their three-way control of airwaves, the outfits which publish [music] and the companies which make phonograph records."

Variety kept track of rock's growing box-office success (ROCK 'N' ROLL B.O. DYNAMITE blared the April 11, 1956, cover headline), but was openly skeptical of its merits:

Rock 'n' roll—the most explosive show biz phenomenon of the decade—may be getting too hot to handle. While its money-making potential has made it all but irresistible, its Svengali grip on the teenagers has produced a staggering wave of juvenile violence and mayhem...

On the police blotters, rock 'n' roll has also been writing an unprecedented record. In one locale after another, rock 'n' roll shows, or disc hops where such tunes have been played, have touched off every type of juvenile delinquency.

The story goes on to detail damage resulting from Alan Freed's Brooklyn Paramount concert, warn that theaters might cancel rock shows for fear of damage, describe the switch from rock 'n' roll to "Theater of Beautiful Music" by Boston's WMEX, claim that rock 'n' roll's popularity is already flagging anyway, and report on an account from the Minneapolis Star about a local rock 'n' roll promotion:

Intended as a teenagers' rock 'n' roll party, the affair came a cropper when part of the audience, including children 12 and 13 years old and even younger, staged a near riot...

Police said that while rock & roll records were played on the stage, the youngsters danced and whooped it up in the aisles and floor space down front. When



Ralph Jones and Bill Haley

ordered to return to their seats, there was a lusty chorus of boos aimed at the squad of police that had been summoned. A hurled beer can narrowly missed hitting one policeman.

A party started when three radio station staff members, gaudily attired and wearing scotch plaid caps, gestured and shouted to pep up the audience as the records played. On the stage a 'panel' of teenage fans selected the records and the audience's response was supposed to determine whether they were 'hits' or 'misses'. There weren't many of the latter.

A small "riot" at a Haley concert in Atlanta merited extensive coverage in Variety of May 30:

Five teenage boys were arrested as a result of fights at a rock 'n' roll concert at Ponce de Leon Park, baseball home of the Atlanta Crackers, where 10,000 gathered for show headed by Bill Haley & His Comets Thursday night. Another teenage boy was hit in the head by a flying beer bottle.

Police reported they arrested the five youths in separate incidents. Spectators said it was hard to figure out who was doing the fighting and who was dancing in the aisles.

Only a few weeks later Newsweek ran an account of another disturbance at a Haley concert:

Even before the joint began to jump there was trouble at the National Guard Armory in Washington, D.C. 5,000 peo-

ple, mostly teenagers, poured in for some rock 'n' roll. Knives flashed and one young man was cut in the arm. Inside, 25 special officers waited for Bill Haley & the Comets to swing into the big beat.

The story went on to describe how as the band started to play the crowd began dancing in the aisles, only to be chased back to their seats by the cops. Then, the audience flipped out when Haley and the boys broke into "Hot Dog, Buddy, Buddy." Some of the kids danced and some scuffled. William Warfield, a 17-year-old high-school junior, suffered a severe cut over one eye and was rushed to the hospital, where he was diagnosed as having a brain concussion. "Before I knew it," he said, "everyone was pounding everybody."

The fighting spilled out into the street, where a 19-year-old was struck on the head and a 16-year-old was cut on the ear. Two cars were stoned and somebody turned in a false alarm. "It's that jungle strain that gets them all worked up," complained Armory manager Arthur "Dutch" Bergman.

In San Jose, California, one of the biggest rock 'n' roll riots caused another wave of protest against the music. The fans routed 73 policemen, injuring 11 people and causing \$3,000 worth of damage. Santa Cruz promptly banned concerts. On the East Coast a concert at Asbury Park's Convention Hall on June 30 erupted into a brawl among the 2,700 participants, leaving 25 hospitalized. Asbury Park's mayor banned future rock 'n' roll shows, which promp-

Flex Zario Collection

ted Jersey City mayor Bernard J. Berry and city commissioners Lawrence A. Whipple and Joshua Ringle to cancel a planned "Rock 'n' Roll under the Stars Concert" lead by Haley. Promoter Ed Otto and master of ceremonies Paul Whitman of big-band fame tried desperately to clear the concert site, Roosevelt Stadium, for use. "We were executed by remote control," complained Otto, while Whitman maintained the show would not be violent. "It was to be a concert," he said.

In Pittsburgh another disturbance led to more official censure. After eight teenagers were arrested outside a concert which featured Carl Perkins, Al Hibbler and Illinois Jacquet, the Pennsylvania Chiefs of Police Association, which was meeting in Pittsburgh at the time, labeled rock 'n' roll "an incentive to teenage unrest." Pittsburgh inspector Fred Good said police "did not pretend to be music critics or to have a technical understanding of beats and rhythms," but said, "nevertheless, wherever there's been teenage trouble lately, rock 'n' roll has almost always been in the background. The songs are more suggestive than those sung in burlesque houses, and the rhythm seems to have some special hypnotic effect which has recreated ridiculous male hootchie-cootchie dancers."

Haley's response to these charges was to record a song defending the rock 'n' roll generation called "Teenager's Mother." Lyrically the tune was painfully awkward for Haley to sing, but it

is the first message song in rock 'n' history. Haley tells the mothers that rock 'n' roll is "all your Johnny had," and that when those mothers were kids they had their own kind of fun with the Charleston (at which point the Comets adapt a little "Charleston" chorus that sounds surprisingly good).

"At the time that the kids are out listening to music," Haley argued, "they're not getting into trouble. When they're home listening to records, they're not getting into mischief. It can only help them, not hurt them. A lot depends on the parents and how they take care of their children, and a lot depends on the entertainers. Bad lyrics can have an effect on teenagers. I have always been careful not to use suggestive lyrics."

"Usually I try to use expressions that the kids can easily remember and repeat. For instance, my newest record is called 'Hot Dog, Buddy, Buddy.' It's an expression that the kids have used to me in expressing their approval of something we have done."

When Haley described his responsibilities as an entertainer, you can sense that he was comparing himself to Elvis Presley, whose hip-shaking gyrations were starting to cause quite a stir. "A lot depends on the entertainer and how he controls the crowd," Haley said. "The music is stimulating enough without creating additional excitement."

Most of Haley's attention, though, was directed at other musicians who were criticizing rock 'n' roll. "Wherever we appear the public has come out in

droves, yet the industry is tearing the music down. If rock 'n' roll can bring people into the ballrooms and make them dance, why then don't those musicians who call rock 'n' roll *bad* music write their own arrangements against the beat and form small units of, say, nine men? I know for a fact that a lot of the musicians who think my music is bad are not working steadily. If the music is bad, as they contend, what's to stop them from making it good by writing their own arrangements?"

Haley was making an excellent point with this argument, but he hardly realized at the time that he'd be faced with the same problem before too long.

For the time being, of course, he was riding high. Haley and the Comets headlined the first full-scale rock 'n' roll touring show, an extravaganza assembled by the current Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus mastermind, Irving Feld. The package also included the Platters and Frankie Lymon, and the Teenagers and hit major cities all across the United States and Canada.

"This act got along very well," recalls Ralph Jones. "There were never any problems. Bill was the leader, nobody disputed that."

Haley and the Comets traveled in style. "It started out that we used to use five Cadillacs to go to our shows," Jones says, "but that got to be a bit too much. So Bill hired this bus driver and this bus to go out to Ohio one time and he couldn't believe the bus kept up with him, so he bought the bus and hired the driver. We sent it back home and had it all fixed up."

The second Bill Haley and the Comets feature film, *Don't Knock the Rock*, was made during 1956 and took the anti-rock 'n' roll factions head-on. The film was actually a morality play made to show that rock 'n' roll was a positive force in teenage life that was being sabotaged by unscrupulous elements. The action of the script followed the political fallout from rock 'n' roll in '56 pretty closely. After dances were banned in one town, the daughter of a local politician brought liquor to another function in order to deliberately discredit the event.

The most bizarre feature of the film came when Haley and Alan Freed cooked up a "play" that demonstrated how rock 'n' roll paralleled such dance explosions of the past as the Charleston and the waltz, and equated the parents' outrage against rock 'n' roll with their parents' hostility for dance forms of the past. The lesson may seem forced in retrospect, but at the time the film was released it was pretty topical stuff. □



Columbia Pictures

Haley and the Comets on the set of *Don't Knock the Rock*, one of the first rock 'n' roll movies.

Stepping *Far* Out

Photography: Boy Joe



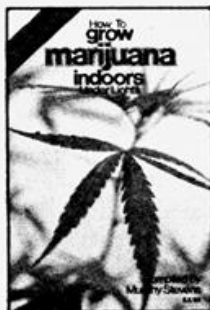
Halloween each year brings thousands of revelers from all over to parade and party in New York's version of Mardi Gras. They celebrate with a vengeance, tripping the light fantastic through the streets of Greenwich Village, cheered on by crowds of rowdy spectators. Giant spiders, human snake chorus lines and floats of grand proportion take part in this dazzling nighttime event. No Easter bonnets here. . .



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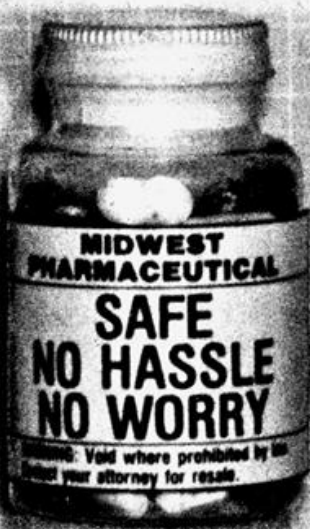
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HERO

/ continued from page 48

Michael was candid about most aspects of his life, but he'd lie when it came to junk. In interview after interview during the '70s, he'd talk about how glad he was to be off junk, and then go right back to doing it. He could be very articulate about it, as he was in a 1979 interview with *Guitar Player* magazine:

"Heroin gave me pimples. And I put the guitar down, didn't touch it. See, a junkie's life is totally chemically fucked. You either eat and move and be productive or else you're a junkie. There's no other choice. Or at least there wasn't for me. Shooting junk is very full-time. You've got to get out there and get that dope, hustle—sell televisions or whatever. If you're into being passive and unproductive, that's one thing, but I knew that it'd hurt me. Shooting junk made everything else unimportant, null and void, nolo contendere. My playing fell apart.

"Some people can do something behind it—they can play; they can go to the gig; they can control their motor functions. I'd just lay there and watch TV and smoke cigarettes and nod off or whatever. I couldn't keep my act together, I couldn't function.

"I decided to quit when some of the best San Francisco Bay area guitar players came to see me—Terry Hagerty from the Sons of Champlin and Carlos Santana and others. And they said to me, 'Man, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to charge admission at the door to see you, because you're a fucking joke, you're a laughingstock. We used to learn from you. When Butterfield came to town, we all came to see you. We loved you; we loved what you did. How can you be what you are? How can you put your name on a marquee and charge money to see this ludicrous exhibition of what Michael Bloomfield used to be? You're a fraud. You can't even hold a guitar anymore.'

"And I just said, 'Hey, I'm not into that anymore. I'm into watching the "Tonight Show" and shooting dope. I'm into stoned leisure.' But they wouldn't let up. They sat down and they said, 'Now listen to us play, man.' And they played. Hag started playing and, oh, my God, he was better than I ever was. It was unbelievable. From then on, I vowed, never again. If you're going to get up in front of people, God knows you better be good. That those guys would do that, to come over, to come

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down on me so hard, to get the balls to do that... it moved me that these people wanted to see me playing again... it affected my heart tremendously. What nice guys, what gentlemen. They got me back into guitar."

Two other figures from Michael's past also helped get him back on his feet. "My mother went to see B.B. King at Mr. Kelly's, this really uptown fancy bar in Chicago," Michael told Dan McCloskey, "and she told him, 'You know, Michael doesn't want to play anymore. His hands are getting rusty. It's terrible.' And B.B. King, you know, he wrote me a letter. He called me on the phone and said, 'You've gotta keep those fingers in shape. You must do this. You can't just fall apart. You just can't let what you've got go to hell like that.' My God, the next time I had a chance to see B.B. King, I was embarrassed to face this man who had meant so much to me. I so much wanted to be like him, play like him, and like he knew that I didn't want to."

"Then there was that night at the Fillmore. I didn't want to get up and play; I was embarrassed. I got out there, and there was the man. I just had to come up to it. I just had to play the best I could because he was there, this guy that had took the time out, you know, to write me a letter and tell me to keep on keeping on."

"I used to be a very crazy guy, and I had pain for almost every day for years and years and years. It never stopped. I don't know if you've ever been crazy or ever really lost your mind to the degree that you hurt every day, *physical*, man, so that you would do anything to stop it. Now that is a distant memory. It was Pavlovian, and it could come back, and I never want to do that again. I would never want to be in the pain that would cause a Hendrix to die—or Duane Allman—because I know what that space is like—or Judy Garland."

"It's documented. People in that space, some people thrive and live on it. Duke Ellington, Elton John; the gamut is enormous. Totie Fields! I mean, it's huge. Beloved entertainers. They thrive on it, and it makes them happy. I do not thrive on it. It kills me; as it's killed others. So I can't do it. Now, if somehow I had an incredible psychological reversal, and my ego needed to be nourished like a vampire needs blood and a junkie needs junk with applause and notoriety, then I would shoot for that. But, with my personality, I think it would do me in."

He'd just finished recording a final album for Columbia as a single artist,

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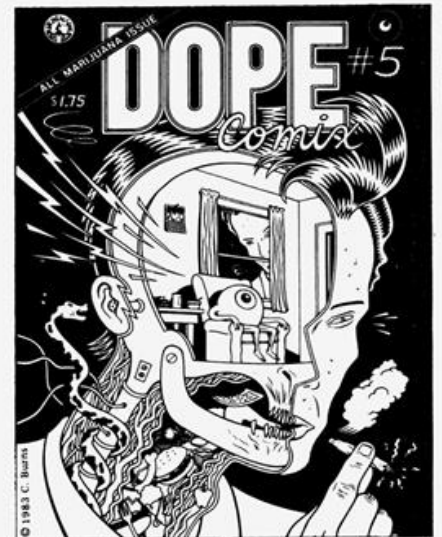
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Try It Before You Buy It, a record that would never be released. He liked it, but as usual, he wasn't completely satisfied. "If only I could do another record, make it a double record so I could have lots of guitar-playing in all styles, and write more songs, I would be really happy. I hear music and think of it in my mind, and I know how I want to hear it. All these sonorities and all the sounds everyone is capable of, and I love it all, in a way. It all comes through the radio, man. It all comes from the air, you know, these records, and it all feeds into me. I think I know the sonorities and the melodies and the chords that are really beautiful, that you would find really beautiful and that most anyone would. I would like to put out a record that had those sounds on it. And I will. Oh, if I could only do just one that would make me as proud as the Beatles probably were with *Sergeant Pepper* or Jimi Hendrix was with *Axis* or I was with the first *Butterfield* album..."

He thought I didn't hear the pain in his voice, that I missed his brushing tears from his eyes. He was wrong.

Certainly, the last two years of Michael's life showed him veering out of control. At one point he was supposed to play a gig in Vancouver, and heard that a PBS special he had taped was going to run that night. Since it wasn't going to run in Vancouver, he hopped a plane and went to Seattle. As it turned out, the show wasn't scheduled there either, so he flew all the way back to San Francisco, leaving an irreplaceable guitar and an amp, as well as a pissed-off band, in Vancouver. The club's management eventually sold the guitar to recoup its losses.

He started to drink, something he'd never done before. He would drink an entire quart of gin in an hour or less. He began to balloon up, look puffy and act very odd. "All of a sudden he was a drunk," Nick Gravenites says with some wonderment in his voice. "Like an overnight situation. Not just a drinker, but a drunk, to the point where he'd be passed out in the gutter in downtown Mill Valley, and they had to get the Fire Department to take him home." The paramedics attached to the Mill Valley Fire Department knew him well, because "the Bloomfield call" for a heroin overdose was a long-standing tradition with them.

At 11:00 A.M., on the morning of February 15, 1981, Ted Ray, a reporter who lived at 572 Dewey Street in San Francisco, saw a guy slumped over in a banged-up 1971 Mercury. The guy

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didn't seem to notice what was going on, and Ray went back to his place and called the cops and the paramedics. The car doors were locked, and the corpse—which is what it turned out to be—was locked in the car. The ambulance steward reached in through a partially opened window and unlocked the door. The key was in the ignition. The corpse carried no identification. Michael Bloomfield was registered as John Doe #15 for the year, and his body was taken downtown to the medical examiner's office.

Michael's father, mother and brother identified the body. A few days later the pathologist came up with the cause of death, a shocker: cocaine and methamphetamine poisoning. There was also a drug called benzoleogonine and a slight trace of morphine-type alkaloid found in his system.

Whatever had happened? Michael, by all accounts, was happier than ever. He'd been away from liquor and drugs for months. He was about to marry the woman he loved. Was he visiting friends who offered him some of the dreaded synthetic heroin that is a plague on the West Coast—stuff like China White—and, unable to resist one last flirtation with death, did he jump on the bag as in the good old days? Then, the world fading from him rapidly, did the friends attempt to revive him by stupidly dosing him with speed and cocaine—two drugs he'd *never messed with*—and did the resultant combination short-circuit his tired body and bring him the release that comes to us all? Did they walk his inert body down the stairs to his car, put the key in the ignition and hope that he'd be in good enough shape to drive back to Mill Valley when—if—he revived?

Or did Michael see that things were going to work out, that his life might actually get back on the track, and did this cause the darkness, the shades that visited him and tortured him when he couldn't sleep, the pain that caused him to take heroin in the first place—did all of this sweep up out of the back of his psyche and cause him to seek out something to obliterate the possibility of happiness? Suicide or accident? Overwhelmed by the knowledge that at last the blues might be falling off him and afraid of what lay beyond them, did he seek another rendezvous with the darkness?

Hellhounds. Sleep, at last. □

Excerpted from Michael Bloomfield: The Rise and Fall of an American Guitar Hero, by Ed Ward.

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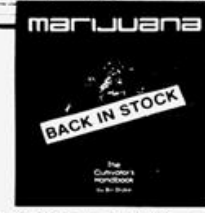
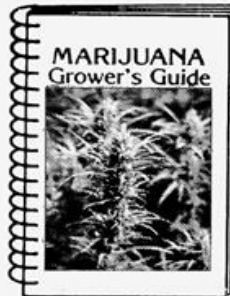


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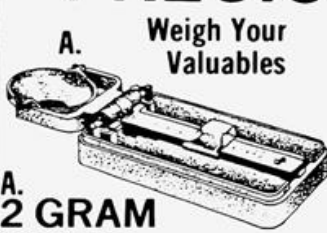
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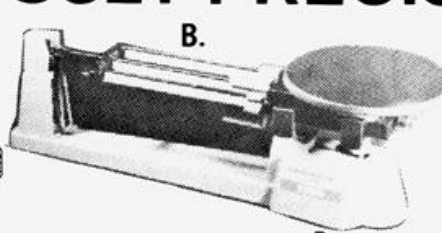
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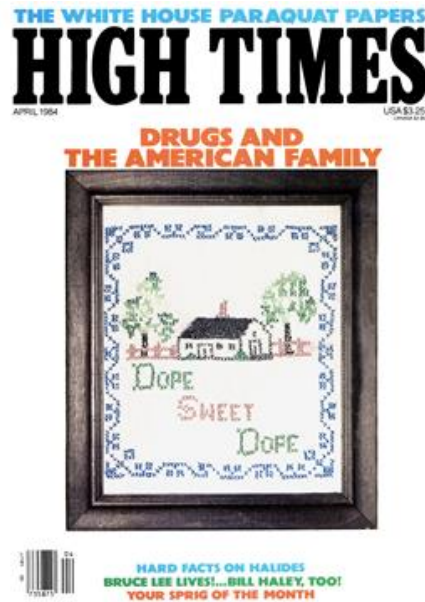
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